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After five quarters of a Century, this book came to the Bodleian Library on the 10th of November, 1915, from Edward S. Dodgson, A.M. It contains a bit of its authors handwriting; and the glossary at the end is interesting. Note the Sparrow from Catullus on page 106 - X and the admiration of Spenser.
This book is mentioned in the Memoirs of the author published in the Dictionary of National Biography. He lived in the years 1740 - 1809.

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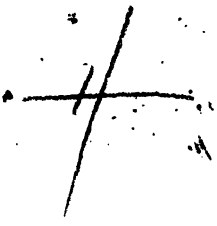

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From the Author

POEMS,

J. Kentish 1791 —

BY

HUGH DOWNMAN, M.D.

The SECOND EDITION,

ALTERED and CORRECTED,

With SEVERAL ADDITIONS.

EXETER:

PRINTED BY R. TREWMAN AND SON,

FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, G. AND T. WILKIE, AND G. KEARSLEY, LONDON; AND J. BELL, EDINBURGH.

M,DCC,XC.

D.

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To the AUTHOR,

On the First Publication of his Poems.

HAIL happy Britain! Land of Liberty!
Land of the Muſes alſo now I find;
For ſurely Downman they reſide with thee,
So rich thy fancy, and ſo pure thy mind.

Methought I ſaw them mounted on the wing,
And threatening to withdraw their wonted ſmile,
Prepared they ſeem'd in diſtant climes to ſing,
No more on Albion's undeſerving iſle.

I saw, and mourn'd, for I revered their power,
And what is life without their heavenly lays?
Who mid its thorns ſhall raiſe the balmy flower?
Who ſprinkle dew-drops o'er its barren ways?

But

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But thou my Downman—how I call'd thee mine
I wiſt not, but forgive the friendly zeal;
Unſkill'd my heart in fraudulent deſign,
What nature prompts I know not to conceal.

Yet why ſuſpicion when no danger's near?
From thee who dreads the haughty cold diſdain?
Can ſcornful pride (unreaſonable fear)
Sully a breaſt ſo gentle, ſo humane?

As the fond Parent when ſome foreign ſhore
Calls from her arms her Son, her ſole delight,
With aching heart hears the mad ocean roar,
And thouſand anxious thoughts her mind affright.

Thus when thy Muſe, yet tender, yet unknown,
Thro' the wide world thou wert reſolv'd to ſend,
Say when thou found'ſt her from thy boſom flown,
Did not like anxious thoughts that boſom rend?

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FAIN would I help thee to diſpel thoſe fears,
Nor aught of friendſhip's healing balm deny,
Fain would reduce the phantom that appears
Hideous, gigantic, to the timorous eye.

CURST be Ill-nature eager to devour
Young Genius! curſt be Envy, venom'd Brute!
Which crops the beauties of the riſing flower,
Or blaſts it e'er it ripens into fruit.

THESE be thine Enemies; to ſuch as theſe
Thy tender ſong affords delicious food;
Expect *their* hate, and be content to pleaſe
None but the Elegant, Polite, and Good.

IN full poſſeſſion of thy fair One's charms,
When all the world ſhall call thee happy youth;
When Thelpis, lovely Thelpis's willing arms
Soon ſhall reward thy conſtancy and truth:

LEAVE then thine amorous elegiac lays,
Smooth as the gliding movement of the dove,
Thy flight to Heaven on bolder pinions raise,
And nobly emulate the bird of Jove.

To celebrate the wife, the truly great,
In Lyric, or in Epic strain be thine;
Draw modeſt worth from its obſcure retreat,
And with due luſtre make its virtues ſhine.

OR if the cauſe demands to arm thy pen,
Dare to chaſtiſe the looſe abandon'd race,
"Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs guilty men,"
And make each Cynthio tremble to be baſe.

THIS thy employ.—I, whoſe aſpiring mind
Life's toil reſtrains, and damps poetic fire,
Pleaſed will behold thee; and far, far behind,
Will learn at humble diſtance to admire.

School-Houſe, Tiverton, Devon,
July 25, 1768.

T. WOOD.

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THE LAND OF THE MUSES.

A POEM.

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To Dr. BLACKLOCK.

FOR thy amuſement firſt I tuned the lay,
And dreſs'd my thoughts in *Spenſer*'s antique ſtile,
'Twas but a frolic taſk, a youthful play,
Whoſe beſt reward was thy approving ſmile.

It ſcarcely claim'd th' offended Critic's rod,
We love to imitate what we admire;
The Perſian thus adores the Solar God,
And lights, faint Emblem, his terreſtrial fire.

No longer inexperienced I preſume
On fancied worth, beneath the quaint diſguiſe,
But ſtrip the veil, remove th' incumbent gloom,
And modern numbers give to modern eyes.

Yet ſtill to thee I dedicate the ſong,
Language may change, our friendſhip cannot fade,
To thee all Virtue's winning charms belong,
Nor is my ſoul of fickle ſubſtance made.

The

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The LAND of the MUSES.

MAY we unblamed in theſe faſtidious times
Retreat to *Spenſer*'s allegoric rhimes?
His venturous ſtep thro' fairy bowers purſue,
Till *Alma*'s caſtled dome appears in view?
There ſee, advancing on th' embattled plain,
Guyon and *Arthur* of heroic ſtrain?
Their martial grace, their valiant deeds admire,
Unwearied arms, and unextinguiſh'd fire;
When the baſe Squadrons who beſieged her rouud,
They forced to quit the field, and ſhun the ſacred ground?
Then view brave *Guyon* with intrepid heart
Againſt th' enchanted bower of bliſs depart;
While by his preſence check'd, the ſenſual croud
Led by *Malæger*, confident and proud
Again inveſt the walls? See *Arthur* ride
Indignant forth, and (as Antæus died

By

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By Hercules of yore) the Chief inclaſp,
Who breathed his laſt within his nervous graſp;
Yet, tho' renown's all-envied prize He won,
Eſpy from many a gaſh the crimſon current run?
" There view the Grooms and Squires with tender ſpeed,
" Reſpectful take Him from his foaming ſteed;
" And faireſt *Alma* coſtly ſpice prepare,
" And wine and balm t' adminiſter with care,
" Eager her lively gratitude t' expreſs,
" And aid her Champion in his deep diſtreſs;
" Then of his armour gently diſarray'd,
" On richeſt Sopha cauſe him to be laid,
" And while his wounds they gird with circling band,
" Cloſe by his ſide behold the Virgin ſtand."

Ah Fools, who think that *Temperance* will refuſe
Enjoyments ſweet, the ſoul's refreſhing dews,
To Human-kind! or frowningly ſurvey
Their feet proceed in Pleaſure's roſeate way,

See

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See them recline beneath her myrtle bowers,
Inhale the balmy air, and pluck th' innocuous flowers.
Liberal, and candid, all delights She loves,
Which Taſte deſires, and Elegance approves;
Foſters each genuine bliſs to reaſon dear,
But hates impetuous paſſion's mad career.

Now while *the Prince* nigh heal'd by *Alma*'s ſkill,
Felt health begin each languid vein to fill,
Exhauſted erſt, when in her cauſe he fought,
And with his blood the well-earn'd triumph bought,
As well She knew the body and the mind
In weal and woe eſſentially combin'd,
United each to each with ſtricteſt ties,
She bent her thought his mind to harmonize.
So to his ear, cloſe-ſeated by his ſide,
In accents duly couch'd her ſpeech applied;
At times of chivalry, war's pureſt flame,
And hardy Knights, who ſcorning abject ſhame,
Trampled on death to gain immortal fame.

Then,

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Then, as the Powers of Virtue liſtening ſtood,
Of conſcious worth She ſpake, and mental good,
And peace, and civic merit laurel-crown'd,
While He was raviſh'd by the ſoothing ſound.

With Her two *Nymphs* miniſtrant, came prepared,
And when She pauſed, the grateful labour ſhared.
For ever and anon would *Praiſe-Deſire*
Open her ruby lips, attune her lyre,
And ſing her penſive notes; the powerful ſtrain
Charm'd the ſenſation of internal pain,
Infuſed ſereneſt ſtedfaſtneſs, and brought
To juſteſt temper each rebellious thought.
It ſeem'd as if an Angel from above,
Melodious glided on the wings of love,
Such ſilver tones th' enamour'd gales prolong,
Her flowing meaſures ſuch, and blandiſhment of ſong.
And often Virgin *Baſhfulneſs* aſſay'd,
The melting lute, and ſweeteſt deſcants play'd:

For

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For She her inſtrument could aptly guide,
Nor wanted in well-doing comely pride.

The *Prince*'s boſom ſecret pleaſure fills,
And every nerve the love of glory thrills;
His ſpirit ſeizes her celeſtial meed,
He meditates th' unutterable deed:
Rapt, and beyond expreſſion moved, He ſighs,
The living fire darts ardent from his eyes,
And drench'd in bliſs unknown to vulgar ſoul He lies.

One evening as theſe *Four* excurſive tread
Where that majeſtic ſtream is ſeen to ſpread
Whence *Guyon* launch'd, the country far and wide
Profuſely watering with exhauſtleſs tide,
Arthur beholds the farther coaſt, it's hills
Aſcending ſteep, it's vales, meandring rills,
Woods whoſe thick boughs a ſolemn ſhade diffuſe,
And lawns which now declining Phœbus views,

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Beaming the laſt remains of golden day,
Then curious aſk'd what region yonder lay.

That is the *Land*, replied th' ingenuous Fair,
Apollo's and the *Muſes*' favourite care;
On which their bleſſings they benignly ſhower
E'en to exceſs: there in immortal bower,
Cloſe by the ſpount of Hippocrene divine,
Th' unfading wreathe of harmony entwine;
There, all their choral extaſies repeat,
Far from the world there fix their happy ſeat,
And ſcorn its vulgar herd, and taſteleſs Great.
There too is heart-felt *Joy* with aſpect bright,
And Pain is baniſh'd thence, and Grief is put to flight.
There too a thouſand beauteous Forms reſide,
To which in habit or in ſhape allied
In other place the eye can never find,
Beings inviſible to common mind:
Of pureſt nature, and ethereal race,
Girded with zones by every Siſter Grace;

For

For there the *Graces* shed their choicest rays,
While *Liberty* with smiles before them plays,
And clad in robes of white each spotless *Virtue* strays.

May not, rejoin'd the *Prince*, a Stranger sue
Those scenes thy lively words describe to view?
What bliss to travel thro that region fair!
What bliss to mingle with the Natives rare!
Nor speak I urged by boastful folly vain,
Yet in my heart is no illiberal stain;
Honour hath poured her influence on my mind,
And cherish'd passions generous and refin'd;
Say, whom must I invoke that purer mould
To tread? those Forms Ethereal to behold?
No base Intruder, no malicious Spy,
Seeking their hidden mysteries to defery.

Then *Alma* smiled, and smiled th' attendant *Twain*;
O *Briton Prince*, She said, that bleft domain

To me by young Apollo's ſelf is given
Freely t'enjoy; to me that earthly Heaven
He grants to range: from Him the power is mine;
All lawleſs wanderers from the ſacred Nine
To keep by force, *Riot*'s wild crew to quell,
And all the Sons of inſolence repell;
But ever modeſt merit to befriend,
Direct his ſteps, and my aſſiſtance lend.
But darkneſs now protrudes her ſhadowy cone,
The fields are trod by wakeful man alone.
Take we our frugal meal, and then to reſt;
The Beaſts their couch, the Birds have ſought their neſt;
All but the Beaſt of prey, with ruthleſs mind
Threatening fell ſlaughter to the helpleſs kind:
And Philomel, whoſe conſcious meaſures flow,
Feeding th' unſated luxury of woe,
Now paſſionately full, now ſoft, and dying low.
Tomorrow when the Eaſtern clouds diſplay
Their lucid pomp, and crimſon banners gay,

At

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At my requeſt a bark ſhall waft us o'er
Th' expanded ſtream, to yon ſequeſter'd ſhore,
The proſpects which await us there, to paint
Art cannot reach, all language would be faint.
In courtly phraſe the *Prince* his thanks expreſt,
For every poliſht grace adorn'd his breaſt;
His eyelids, light and tranſient ſlumbers cloſe,
And in the morn with Heaven's firſt beam He roſe.

His gentle *Guide* not unprepared He found,
For when the Lark ſoar'd upward from the ground,
With joy She heard his ſweetly-warbled ſtrain,
And brake the ſilken bands of ſleep in twain.
Then o'er the humid lawns they took their way,
(The dew-drops glittering with the orient ray)
And to the River's verdant margin ſped,
Where lay th' expecting bark with ſail unſpread,
The Pilot at the helm, of aſpect mild,
And bland, yet piercing eye, *Good-Culture* ſtiled.

The

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The *Knight* and *Lady* He with tranſport warm
Received; then puſh'd far off with nervous arm,
Unfurl'd his ſail, which gales propitious ſwell'd,
And o'er the waves his eaſy courſe impell'd,
The ſparkling waves like lucid chryſtal gleam,
Or like unclouded Titan's radiant beam;
For not the ſmalleſt ſtain or ſpot they know,
Tho deep the tide, the ſands were ſeen below.

When they approach'd that ſhore's extremeſt bound,
With Spring's eternal ceſtus girt around,
Ambroſial airs mild-breath'd their ſenſes greet,
Diffuſing odours exquiſitely ſweet:
For *Zephyr* there his ſofteſt plumes induced,
And chid each devious blaſt of pinions rude,
While *Flora* hung with living gems the bowers,
And deck'd the turf with never-fading flowers,
Bloſſoms and flowers of every various hue
Which once in Eden's happy garden grew.

Now

Now at the Coaſt arrived, they land with ſpeed,
And now along the lilied banks proceed,
Viewing in ſilence with attentive eye
The ſcenes romantic which before them lye.
The *Prince* at every turn to wonder yields,
At every turn new beauties crown the fields;
Upon his cheeks a warmer glow is ſpread,
His boſom throbs with awe and pleaſing dread,
Such proſpect, frailer mortals ſcarce could bear,
He gazed, and wiſh'd to gaze forever there.

His mild *Conductreſs* bade him now behold
Where croſſing o'er the velvet-ſhaded mould
Two of the gentle Habitants advance;
He ſees, and quits his viſionary trance.
Their eyes the glittering beams of pleaſure dart,
Their ſmooth brows ſpeak their gayety of heart,
Their virid garlands wanton'd in the wind,
Their nimble feet moved on as chance inclined,
And treading the ſoft turf, no preſſure left behind.

The

The one was *Youthful Prime*, of comely grace,
The riſing down began to ſhade his face,
Unchanged by years. The other was his Bride,
Hygeia She, of firm affection tried,
From whom a Son paced ſmiling by his ſide.
Her preſence every thought of time exiled,
So well each hour her converſe ſweet beguiled.
That tender Imp whoſe ſmiles proclaim'd his joy,
He named *Content*; to whom tho yet a Boy
Is given excluſive power and wondrous might;
For eaſe of mind and ſpirits dancing light
All thoſe inſpire, on whom He caſts his ſight:
The blooming Dame ſuſtain'd an Infant Child,
Simplicity by both his Parents ſtiled,
Well-favour'd, and of lovely hue to ſee,
Stretching his little arms, and telling his tale free.

To whom with bland demeanor *Alma* ſaid;
Where widely your enchanted feet have ſtray'd

Among

Among the mazes of this flowery green,
Tell me, ye gentle Pair, if ye have ſeen
Where *Fancy* now reſides? for like the wind
I know the ſudden ſhiftings of her mind,
No certain ſpot She loves, but varies ſoon,
Now the deep ſhade allures, and now the blaze of noon.

To Her with ſwift-wing'd accents *Youth* replied,
The Nymph ye ſeek, fair Dame, I lately ſpied
In yonder glen, which craggy rocks ſurround,
Whence burſts a torrent forth with roaring ſound.
Then bending decent, with reſpectful eye,
He and his loved Copartner haſted by.

But *Alma* with the *Prince* right onward fared,
Who aſk'd her why to *Fancy* She repair'd?
Without her aid (ſaid She) I want the power
To guide thee, as behoves, a ſingle hour.
Beſides her ſkill hath raiſed a Building high,
Which yonder view, aſpiring to the ſky;

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From whence is ſeen diſtinctly, rock, and plain,
And dell, and grot, and ſtream, and woodland reign,
Each goodly object, all the living race,
Which breathe and move, and theſe dominions grace.
To which if thee, O *Prince*, She will convey,
What elſe would take up many a tedious day,
And many a night in vigils to behold,
In portion ſmall of time She can unfold.
Nor ſhould we haply elſe ſucceed at laſt,
But after much ſojourn, and labour vaſt,
Some thorny glade our tangled feet might chain,
Some wilderneſs miſlead, or ſandy plain:
Or we might ſink beneath ſome foaming bourn,
Or to the place we left unſped return.

Now, where they ſought, the *Maid Divine* they ſcann'd,
Upon a craggy cliff She took her ſtand;
Forming a gloomy ſhade, above her head
A lofty pine it's ample branches ſpread.

Downward

Downward on either ſide, with rapid force,
From rock to rock a ſtrong ſtream bent it's courſe;
Precipitate the daſhing currents flow,
And mingle in one boiling gulph below.
She ſtood enraptured o'er the whirling bay,
And bathed her forehead in the floating ſpray.

Conſcious of ſtranger feet her eyes She rear'd,
Which as th' effulgent ſun-beam bright appear'd,
And quicker than the quivering lightning glanced;
Then t'ward them ſtrait with airy feet advanced.
In prodigal abundance, uncontroul'd,
Wide waved her burniſht locks of tendrill'd gold;
Brede, or incircling band they never knew,
When moſt diſhevell'd, comelieſt to the view.
In thin habiliment her limbs were dreſt;
A curious robe depended from her veſt,
Of fleecy clouds and goſſimer intwined,
Which on the boſom of the dalliant wind
It's folds ſuſtaining, ſported far behind;

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Adorn'd with tints of every various die
Which in Heaven's glorious bow attract the eye:
And every blended hue which e'er was traced,
In complicated beauty there was placed.

Oft in that vale retired She ſate alone,
Where *Nature* wildly ſtray'd, to *Art* unknown.
But circumſcribed by no determined bound,
Free and at large She ranged Creation round.
Or thro the brazen gyre would urge her way,
With cheek unblanch'd, and heart without diſmay,
The din of *Chaos* and *Confuſion* hear,
Nor all the bickering elements would fear:
There, if She wills, the cold abyſs She warms;
New worlds, and peopled with unnumber'd ſwarms
She bids ariſe; her palace ſtrait they mould,
She mounts her throne, extends her ſcepter'd gold,
While thronging round, her ready ſubjects ſtand,
Or ſtoop ſubmiſs, and wait her high command:

Then

Then in a moment, ſuch her varying ſoul,
On ruin bent, annihilates the whole;
Aſſiſts confuſion, multiplies the jar,
Heightens the tumult, and augments the war.
For She alone, moſt wondrous to relate,
Except *Heaven's Sire*, is unreſtrain'd by *Fate*.

Oft to th' empyreal Dome, with boldeſt gaze
Striving to pierce th' impenetrable blaze,
She ſpeeds her courſe, where mid the depth profound
Of ſtrong refulgent glory floating round,
Sits the myſterious *Godhead*, in his reign
Of trinal unity. But all in vain
She ſtrives to paſs that inexpreſſive light;
Heaven's Sire alone eſcapes her thrillant ſight.
Yet She could bring (ſo potent was her ſway)
Cherubs and *Seraphs* from the realms of day;
While, gently hovering round, *Angelic Quires*
Tuned at her will their golden-ſtringed lyres.

Or

Or ſpite of *Pluto*'s horrid flames, would dare
To cleave the earth, and rouſe to upper air
The *Furies* with their whips of iron dread,
The ſnakes loud hiſſing on each ghaſtly head;
With Them, would *Hecate* reluctant ſtand,
Her cypreſs wreathe diſplay, and wield her ſparkling brand.

Then would ariſe, on pitchy pinions borne,
Stern-look'd *Revenge*; *Hate* by wild frenzy torn,
And each tremendous *Peſt* which ſhuns the light,
And every *Child* abhorr'd of ugly *Night*.
Luſt fierce and reſtleſs, *Jealouſy* worn blind,
Murther, whoſe features ſhock the generous mind,
And pining *Care*, which in thick globmy clouds
The half-ſlain wretch, while yet alive, inſhrouds,
And *Woe*, by inches deſtined to conſume,
Hanging, with face all pale, o'er her dead Lover's tomb.
And She would call th' unbodied *Ghoſts* around,
Uttering their dolorous wail with ſhrieking ſound;

And

And *Witchcraft*, mumbling forth her rites, might make
The ſtouteſt tremble, and the firmeſt quake.
And *Conſcious Fear*, who ſteals with ſecret ſtride,
Keeping cloſe wateh th' Aſſaſſin's bed beſide;
And when *Sleep*, long invoked, begins to ſeal
His wearied lids, unfold the poppied veil,
And his tormenting thoughts awhile controul,
Rings her alarum wild, and rends his guilty ſoul.

Yet were no frowns, or ſternneſs in her face;
But amiable, and clad with native grace,
Her bluſhing cheeks confeſs'd a modeſt die,
Blending with ſoftneſs, virgin majeſty.
Love ever view'd her in reſpect array'd;
Enchanting ſmiles o'er all her features play'd;
Her azure veins in winding mazes flow'd,
The ſnow above with living luſtre glow'd.
So, deckt with radiance, deckt with beauty's beams,
The Eldeſt Daughter of the *Morn* She ſeems.

While

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While cordial joy her winning looks expreſs'd,
To *Alma* thus her ſpeech She firſt addreſs'd:
Welcome, fair Maid, to this ſecluded place!
(Then ſeal'd the welcome with a warm embrace)
And hail to thee, *her Knight!* Command the Powers
Who here inherit; thee the light-plumed *Hours*
Tranſported view: for thee each *Grace* will twine
The dance: the *Virtues* chaunt their airs divine:
For thee *Apollo*'s ſelf would tune the lay,
And I, with ready ſtep, thy will obey.

O Paſſing Fair! to her the *Virgin* ſaid,
This Gentle *Knight* (He bent his comely head)
No Son of riot, or obſtruſive pride,
To theſe blithe regions follows me his guide.
Let me his earneſt ſuit to thee commend,
My ſtrong Deliverer He, and ſtedfaſt Friend.
Oh, bear him to thy lofty tower with ſpeed,
Or with him thro theſe mazy haunts proceed;

That

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That He each wondrous Inmate may deſcry,
And ſatiate with delight his knowledge-gathering eye.

She anſwer'd not, but look'd with aſpect ſweet
Her hand in their's, prepared for voyage fleet;
Then ſwift as light, or if with ſwifter force
Aught moves, upbore them in her airy courſe;
Till on th' aſpiring edifice they ſtood,
Whence they ſurvey'd that Iſle, it's circling flood,
The girding Heavens out-ſtretch'd in vaſt array,
And Earth, and Ocean wide, which far beneath them lay.
Rare was the Building, glorious to behold,
It's parts, nor ſteel, nor braſs, nor lead, nor gold,
Nor marble form'd; nor were they knit with lime,
With *Roman* cement, or *Aſphaltic* ſlime.
One piece of lucent glaſs compoſed the mound,
In ſhorteſt ſpace She raiſed it from the ground;
Tho ſeeming thin and frail, it braved the rage
Of waſting time, and gain'd new ſtrength from age.

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With portraits numberleſs the walls were lined,
Landſcapes, and Hiſtories, by her deſign'd;
For when that tower She left, and ranging wide,
New ſhapes, and forms before unſeen deſcry'd,
Thoſe from her memory's faithful chart, the Maid
Before an Artiſt's ſkilful ſight diſplay'd;
Who every ſtroke with eager rapture ſcann'd,
And all defined with ſwiftly-moving hand;
And ornamented all with colours rare,
Deſcription was her name, a Virgin debonair.
Soft was her pencil, delicately light,
Yet were it's ſketches ſtrong, and glowing bright;
For from the clouds their checquer'd ſpots She drew,
And it's pure eſſence from the morning dew;
Her bluſh when firſt *Aurora* roſe from ſleep
She took, it's azure from th' unruffled deep;
The ſmiles of *Venus*, *Cynthia*'s ſilver ray,
Flora's enamell'd robe, the *Lord of Day*
Pouring his ſplendours in refulgent tide,
And all Dame *Nature*'s works her tints ſupplied.

Each

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Each colour mingling juſt, a reverend *Eld*,
Or ſeperating each, the palette held;
The wrinkles well became his antient face,
Low ſtream'd his hoary beard with decent grace;
His piercing eye his perfect ſenſes told,
Active his ſoul, tho in experience old;
Judgement the Sage was ſtiled; his looks with awe
She view'd; his ſlighteſt hint ſhe deem'd a law.
Full many a time her youthful hand He ſtay'd,
When wanton, or with careleſs touch it ſtray'd.

The *Briton Prince* with pleaſure view'd the Pair,
Her curious works, and his attentive care,
Till *Fancy* beckon'd Him; to whom reſign'd,
He left th' enchanting imagery behind;
And now, by *Her* and *Alma* ſeated nigh,
Where roſe the glittering battlements on high,
She waved her hand, then bade them look around
And mark the charms of that celeſtial ground.

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Wide ſpread the magic ſcene their eyes before;
The laughing meads with flowers were ſprinkled o'er,
There was the crocus, there the harebell ſeen,
The lily fair, the roſe unrivall'd Queen;
The pink, the tulip with embroider'd veſt,
The violet blue, the daiſy meekly dreſt;
The cowſlip drooping down his languid head;
All, which the ſweeteſt livelieſt odours bred;
And all, which *Nature*'s vivid ſtains imbrue,
There ſcorning *Art*, uncultivated grew.
And mid the valleys lucid rivers ſtray,
Which rolling on, in wild meanders play;
With dimpled ſurface now they calmly glide;
The liſtening Swain hears not the gentle tide;
Now broke by moſſy ſtones ſweet muſic make,
And the thrall'd ſenſe in willing bondage take;
Now ſudden bounding o'er ſome rocky wall,
From rift to rift the daſhing currents fall.

On

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On hills far off the forefts ſhed their gloom,
Here tufted groves with verdure ever bloom;
Around whoſe trunks the honeyſuckle winds,
And ſcented jeſſamine it's branches binds;
And purple grapes between, thick-cluſtering, hung,
And thouſand, thouſand feather'd Inmates ſung;
Conceal'd from every eye, the Minſtrels raiſed
Their choral notes, and Harmony was pleaſed.
While every leaf more gladly ſeem'd to move,
And every bough conſenting waved above.

As o'er the lawns their eyes delighted paſs,
Fair flocks they ſee, which cropp'd the tender graſs;
Or ſlept reclined beſide each paſtoral ſtream,
Or wanton ſported in the ſunny beam.
And where or rock appeared, or riſing hill,
The goats of antic gambols took their fill.
And jocund *Keepers*, with their crooks in hand,
Guarded them both, with dogs, a faithful band.

Or

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Or in the plain, or hid beneath the ſhade,
On pipes of reed their amorous deſcants play'd.

Soon they beheld the horned *Pan* draw near,
A merry note he tuned the heart to cheer;
Pleaſant, but rude and ruſtic was the ſtrain;
Him follow'd, dancing trim in frolic vein,
A crowd of *Fauns* and *Satyrs*, who with fleet
And active motions ſped their cloven feet.
With them the looſe-robed *Dryads*, aptly join'd,
Their Partners gay, the mazy round entwined.
With nimble ſtep they beat the hollow ground,
Their hair with oaken wreathes and ivy crown'd.

A pleaſing ſight ſucceeded—Lo! the *God*
Of Love! a gentle lamb the Power beſtrod.
Not He, for whom *Spite* tempers ſavage darts,
Teaching thoſe curſed and malignant arts,
His, and his cruel *Mother*'s laſting ſhame,
While juſt reproach indigniſies his name;

Arts,

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Arts, by which numerous wretches, firſt his ſlaves,
Have ſunk in torture to untimely graves;
And numerous wretches, who alive remain,
Dwell with deſpair, and ever-racking pain.
This *winged Boy* a milder boſom proved,
Mild as the beaſt on which He onward moved;
Nor could He ſee th' unhappy drop a tear,
But He ſuſtain'd of grief an eqnal ſhare.
He was not blind: and from his piercing ſight
Fled *baſe Deſire*, who ſhrunk beneath his might.
Deceit and *Calumny* his frown diſmay'd,
And by him walked *Sincerity* the Maid.
A chryſtal vaſe ſhe held before her breaſt,
In which her ſecret thoughts were all expreſt,
Each inward ſentiment reflecting true,
Clad without varniſh in their native hue.
With this ſhe oft can *Villainy* diſgrace,
And make him, ſtooping, hide his odious face,
Guarded by this, no lurking ill ſhe fears,
And e'en aſſail'd, a ſmiling aſpect wears;

As

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As if defended ſtrong by magic charms,
Or firmly girded in Vulcanian arms.

Cloſe on the left, Fair *Innocence* ſuſtain'd
A roſy brede, with which that Lamb ſhe rein'd,
And guided him along the flowery way,
Or check'd him if his Rider will'd to ſtay.
Her to behold, on balmy wings upborne,
Angels would oft this lower world adorn;
Bathing in mortal air their limbs divine;
Around her ſuch attractive graces ſhine.
Her other hand a bloated ſerpent rear'd,
Which lick'd her face, for ſhe no venom fear'd.

And now, a Nymph tript o'er the pathleſs green,
Blithe was her look, unequal was her mien,
None could her lineaments exactly ſpy,
The colour of her garment mock'd the eye.
For both each moment chang'd; inconſtant, wild,
That fickle Female, *Novelty* was ſtiled.

Of

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Of *Admiration* She the heart poſſeſt,
Her frequent change inflamed his youthful breaſt,
With eager look he mark'd her giddy pace,
And every ſhifting feature of her face.

Twiſting a ſilken cord with all his might,
And ſtretching each unyielding fibre tight,
Next came a Swain, and walking by his ſide
One more than kin, tho not in blood allied.
The firſt was *Friendſhip*, while the other bore
The name of *Sans-Self-love* in human lore,
Honour's pure beams illumed his faithful ſoul
In true affection ſtedfaſt as the pole:
For he the former to ſecure from pain,
Would naked ruſh on ſpears, or plunge into the main.

And now advanced, the Wight they firſt ſurvey'd,
And with his Spouſe that Boy in ſmiles array'd,
While heightening all the luſtre of her charms,
The little Prattler graced her matron arms.

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Behind, with downcaſt eye and motion ſlow
Trod virgin *Chaſtity*, a lump of ſnow
In her cold hands; which tho the tepid weſt
Around her breathed, no ſoil, or ſtain confeſt,
Unthaw'd, and ever ſpotleſs as her breaſt.
Long ſince, her modeſt vows, and plighted truth
Fidelity obtain'd, a comely youth;
Her face was his fixt viſion's only ſphere,
But ſuch his looks as raiſed no bluſhes there.
This hand, the flower in living gold diſplays,
Which to the ſun ſtill turns it's conſtant rays;
That, a Cameleon in a diamond chain,
Whoſe magic links his varying hues reſtrain.

And many more from their exalted ſeat
The *Prince* and *Alma* ſaw, a Band replete
With all that charms the heart, or feeds deſire,
Stirs the ſoft wiſh, or warm enthuſiaſt fire.
Uncinctured there the Siſter *Graces* bright,
There *Liberty* unveil'd her peerleſs light;

Benevolence,

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Benevolence, and *Gratitude* conjoin'd,
Beauty all-lovely both in ſhape and mind:
There heart-felt *Eaſe*, and *Leiſure* onward paſt,
And happy *Indolence* and *Peace* the laſt.

Then *Fancy* waved again her potent arm,
Th' inverted proſpect own'd the ſudden charm.
Black was the ſky, the bluſtring wind blew rude,
To the gay troop, ſucceeded Solitude.
Inſtead of flowery lawns, a doleful glade,
Which ſeem'd for Grief's afflicted offſpring made,
T'ward which no viſionary joy could ſteal;
Alas! ſo ſoon all human glories fail.

Forth came an hundred *Nymphs* with ſolemn mien,
And flaming torches, then (as ſeem'd) a *Queen*,
By the pure crown of gold which deck'd her head,
Her awful front, and her majeſtic tread.
Her crimſon veſtment flow'd in ſtately pride,
Like Scythian *Tomyris* when in ſlaughter died

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She bade the Perſian *Cyrus* thirſt no more;
Or bold *Bonduca*, drench'd in Roman gore.
Her left hand held a bowl with poiſon fill'd,
Which working quick diſpatch the victim kill'd;
Her right, a dreadful dagger, which to thoſe
Who tired of life, their own relentleſs foes
Became, ſhe gave: or if they aſk'd the bowl,
She bade them drink, and ſatisfy their ſoul,
Impurpled buſkins on her legs ſhe wore,
A golden claſp connected them before.

Behind her was a Wretch with garments rent,
He moved, as if with weakneſs all foreſpent,
Hollow his cheeks, and pale his dreary face,
His eyes ſtill gleaming with a languid grace,
Misfortune He; *Adverſity* around
His paſſive limbs a brazen chain had bound,
Tho breathleſs, faint, o'erpower'd, and well nigh ſlain,
She ſpared him not, but dragg'd him on amain.

And

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And ever and anon her arm on high
She lifted, ſcouling grim with threatening eye:
And oft his veſture would with fury tear,
And ſcourge him till each vital part lay bare.
No evil word, tho hopeleſs of relief,
But ſighs profound declared his mighty grief.
She heeded not his virtues, or his moan,
Her heart long ſince had been transform'd to ſtone.
With aſpect ſweet and bland, a lovely Dame,
The faireſt, and the beſt, behind him came.
No rarer mixture of Creation's mould,
No purer, human eyeſight could behold.
His ſufferings when ſhe view'd, his dire unreſt,
O God! what anguiſh wrung her tender breaſt!
What would ſhe not relinquiſh to ſet free
From his ſad ſtate the Man of miſery!
To reſcue him ſhe almoſt wiſh'd to die,
Such was the feeling ſoul of *Sympathy*.
The tears which ſprinkled her celeſtial cheek
With added beauty graced each feature meek,

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As for that Wretch beſet with cruel pain
Her eyes let fall the copious drops in vain;
And bluſhing *Pudency* there ſat inſhrined
With ſilent voice interpreting the mind,
Soft-mantling on the poliſht ſurface play'd,
And the moiſt pearls in orient beams array'd.
So in her Eaſtern temple glowing bright,
Thro a thin cloud *Aurora* darts her light;
So a ſweet roſy bud attracts the view
Beneath it's lucid veil of ambient dew.
Two *Cherubs* hover'd mild her ſteps before,
One in his hand a golden cenſor bore,
Intent each precious tear of her's to ſave:
Which fill'd, he ſtraitway to the other gave,
Who to the ſtarry manſions of the ſky
Speeding his purple pinions ſoar'd on high,
Where *Jove* with might ſuperior reign'd, alone,
Except that *Mercy* ſtood beſide his throne,
The ſacred offering he received with love,
And ſhook with gracious ſign his nectared locks above.

Next

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Next came *Remorſe*; his eyes with looks profound
In ghaſtly ſilence glared upon the ground,
But ſoon retorted with an eager view
As if to pierce his inmoſt boſom thro.
There tenting to the quick, with direſt pain
Keen anguiſh throbb'd thro every panting vein.
His arms convulſed (ſad object of deſpair)
He toſt aloft, or wildly beat the air.
Ah Conſcience-ſmitten! in thy ſecret heart
Deep is the ſting, and fixt th' eternal ſmart.

Now *Indignation*, breathing vengeful ire,
His ſparkling glances darted living fire.
Deep bluſh'd his cheeks with glowing crimſon red,
His manly brow the ſterneſt frowns o'erſpread,
A glittering falchion beam'd above his head.
Yet taught by *Reaſon*, his emotions flow,
His ire ſhe prompts, and gives his cheeks to glow.
Wielding his blade, a monſter he purſued,
Snaky, and foul, with venom all imbued,

Guilt,

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Guilt, who by terror wing'd ne'er ceaſed to fly,
Nor, tho far off, dared turn her craven eye.

Next *Horror*; nought his ravin could controul,
With harrows dire 'twas his to rend the ſoul,
To tear each finer nerve with fell diſmay,
To rule with ſtrength untamed, and fierceſt ſway.
Then *Hopeleſs Love*; a ſhaft had pierced her breaſt,
Her tongue to none the rankling wound confeſt,
Beneath her robe ſhe hid the ſmart ſevere,
And pined unwitneſt like the ſtricken Deer.

Such numbers own'd that *Queen*'s majeſtic reign,
The Muſe can ſcarce deſcribe th' attendant train,
In the dark glade they dwelt, their native place,
Till now call'd forth her ſovereign ſtate to grace.
Suſpicion, green and ſickly was his hue,
Exceſs of Grief, whoſe eyes no moiſture knew,
Revenge, who both his hands inſteep'd in blood,
Envy, pernicious foe to all that's good,

Diſſimulation,

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Diſſimulation, weeping to beguile
Like the ſcaled Reptile on the Banks of Nile.
Madneſs, wild raving like the ſtormy wave,
And *Melancholy*, ſilent as the Grave.
There too was *Brave Diſdain of worthleſs deed*,
And *Conſcious Pride* from all diſhonour freed,
And *Stoic Rigour* which reproach defied,
And *Bounteous Kindneſs* to the Gods allied,
And *Seemly Zeal* by *True Religion* dreſt,
And *Juſtice*, well-ſpring pure of public reſt,
And *Emulation* ſcorning ſecond place,
And *Wedded Love* whom wreathes unfading grace,
And *Filial Piety* to whom is given
A lengthen'd term of years by favouring Heaven.

All that from lethargy could rouſe the ſoul,
All that with potent ſpell could vice controul,
Was there; for *Virtue* ranged the bands unſeen,
Her Vaſſals they, and e'en their haughty *Queen*;

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From her derived, and bound her laws t' obey,
To whoſe ſupport alone ſhe owes her ſway.
By her ſhe from confuſion, order draws,
And rules the diverſe *Croud* with ſtricteſt laws.

Now, for ſo *Fancy* bade, aroſe a blaſt,
And the dark gloom which erſt had overcaſt
The ſun, diſpell'd: and with it all the Crew
Like the ſwift rack, or miſty vapour flew.
His cheering rays more bright illumed the ſkies,
And ſoon a public road before them lyes,
Which t'ward a neighbouring City ſeem'd to lead,
Where many a jovial troop they now ſurvey'd,
Who rode, or laughing walk'd, or ſung, or play'd.

By the frequented path an *Archer* ſtood,
Black was his lowering brow in angry mood,
Two beauteous *Nymphs* within a certain gyre
Held him ſoft-ſoothing, and reſtrain'd his fire.

Satire,

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Satire, whom *Candour* meek, and *Truth* attend;
They taught him when his threatening bow to bend,
At their command the twanging ſtring he drew,
And with ſure aim the barbed arrow flew.
Thoſe whom with deep and rigorous wound he ſped,
By *Vice*, an antient Beldam had been bred,
Some in diſguiſes quaint a lurking Peſt,
Others with open force that road t' infeſt,
And unſuſpecting Travellers moleſt.
But now with limping pace they trod awry,
Purſued with flouts by grinning *Infamy*,
And hated, kept at diſtance from the throng,
Nor join'd in frolic dance, or jocund ſong.
But ever when his two Companions caſt
Their eyes aſide, a ſhaft he ſnatch'd in haſte,
And ſmiling cruel with malicious face,
Struck ſome of ſober mien, and goodly grace.
The *Virgins* when they ſaw this evil deed,
To their aſſiſtance ran with earneſt ſpeed,

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And pour'd in oil and balm with healing hand,
But puniſh'd him with bitter reprimand.

Not far removed, a *Female* they ſurvey'd,
Her eaſy limbs in flowing robes array'd,
Looſe ſocks adorn'd her feet; of diverſe hue
A vizard hid her features from the view;
An ugly *Hag* who waved a brand of flame,
Follow'd, her ſteps attending, *Secret Shame*:
While *Ridicule*, a Dwarf, ſtill moved before,
And as he moved, a burniſht mirrour bore.
Led on by *Vanity*, and *Folly* gay,
The deſultory Croud who paſt that way,
Curious t' obſerve what images were there,
With idle mirth and wantonneſs drew near:
When in the mirrour bright themſelves they ſpied,
But ſo deform'd, the likeneſs they denied;
Till that uncomely *Dame* forſook her ſtand,
Full in their cheeks ſhe daſh'd her fiery brand,

The

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The ſtrong ſimilitude at once confeſt,
They fled, diſgrace alarm'd each conſcious breaſt.

But oh! what tongue, what language ſhall I find,
What energy, what amplitude of mind,
The ſcenes, which now ſuperbly roſe, to paint!
My numbers fail, my Muſe is all too faint:
When ſhe, the *Prince*, and *Alma* fair to bleſs,
Liberal, and kind, and bounteous to exceſs,
Unfolded to their ſight the rich domains
Where in full pomp th' exalted *Epic* reigns.
As if a man by more than human power
Should in his ſleep be ſnatch'd at midnight hour,
And o'er the founding billows ſwift upborne
Behold with wild amaze, at break of morn,
A Country ſtrange; before, with rapid force
The Amazonian ſtream's unrivall'd courſe;
Beyond, an open realm which upward tends,
And gradual, with majeſtic ſwell aſcends,

By

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By the vaſt towering Cordilleras bound;
And on the other ſide, th' Atlantic waſte profound.
So ſtood the *Briton Prince* in wonder loſt:
For now, down time-worn vallies rough emboſt,
Strong torrents, rolling fierce, his viſion croſt;
Now without ſhore an ocean huge and deep,
On which the lingering breezes ſeem'd to ſleep,
But ſoon dire war conflicting tempeſts wage,
And it's chafed boſom feels the whirlwinds rage,
With foaming wrath the watery mountains riſe,
And the red lightning fires the blazing ſkies.

Now, on the Champion, or mid ſhady bowers,
Proud caſtles he beheld, and ſtately towers,
And clad in ſun-like armour many a *Knight*,
With *Ladies* by their ſides of beauty bright,
To whom they told fair tales of love's delight.
Or in their cauſe, with pointed lance oppoſe
Portentous Monſters, or miſhapen Foes;

Or

Or in round liſts obey the trumpet's blaſt,
And at their feet each meed of victory caſt.
Now heard he clarions numberleſs around,
His heart enkindled own'd the martial ſound:
And now the plain two banner'd armies fill,
They march, they ſhout, they join, they fight, they kill;
Undaunted Heroes lift the ſpear and ſhield,
Pierce the deep ranks, and thin the crouded field.
From ſteeds and men forth ſtreams a mingled flood,
The earth is crimſon'd with the ſmoaking blood.
Then where the diſtant mountains he eſpied,
Moving from rock to rock with giant ſtride
A Form appear'd; his ſtature reach'd the pole;
He graſp'd at Heaven: *Sublimity of Soul.*

Theſe paſt away: and now of golden light
A cloud He view'd, which floated dazzling bright
Upon a forked hill; his eyes in vain
Strove it's collected radiance to ſuſtain.

And

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And from behind ſuch muſic flow'd, He thought
That airs divine from Heaven above were brought;
And whelm'd with pleaſure ſcarcely breath'd or moved;
Nor was it ſtrange that He ſuch rapture proved,
When *Jove* himſelf would often ſtoop his ear
From high *Olympus* top, theſe ſymphonies to hear.
Thro the thin edges of the floating light,
Part of a ſeeming temple ſtruck his ſight
Of gorgeous frame; yet tho he ſtrain'd his eye,
It fail'd the building wholly to deſcry:
Whene'er the central luſtre was aſſay'd,
Each glance recoil'd, confounded and diſmay'd.
With bold attempt repeatedly he gazed,
At every look more ſtrong the radiance blazed.

And now, ſaid She, O *Prince*, whate'er theſe plains
Can boaſt, whate'er th' extent of my domains,
All that my will can grant, or Thou behold,
Have briefly been diſplay'd; thoſe rays of gold

Thy

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Thy fair Conductreſs knows the laws of fate
Will not allow thee yet to penetrate.
Unleſs when born Thou hadſt been ſprinkled o'er,
With dews Caſtalian, and on Pindus' ſhore
Been lapt in myrtle, and in laurel green,
And thrice three times been dipt in Hippocrene.
There on his throne, *Apollo* I ſurvey,
And there the *Muſes* tune their deathleſs lay.
Yet e'en their manſions ſhalt Thou view in time,
But firſt muſt toil in many a various clime,
And combat with thy Country's deadly Foes,
And cruſh the *Saxons* with redoubled blows.
Then ſhall Themſelves thy partial Guides become,
By whom conducted to yon lofty dome,
Conſpicuous Thou in *Glory*'s *fane* ſhalt ſtand,
And thy renown be read in every land.

This ſaying, She a private door unbound,
Which led a winding paſſage to the ground,

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For tho 'twere difficult the tower t' aſcend,
Spontaneous and with eaſe they downward tend.
When at it's feet arrived, with grateful breaſt,
The *Prince* and *Alma* their due thanks expreſt.
Inſtant She mounted like an arrowy flame;
They backward trod the path by which they came.

O D E.

Occaſioned by the CORONATION 1761.

I. 1.

SLEEP'ST thou, fair maid,
Æolian Virgin, ſleep'ſt thou in the cave
Of drowſy ſilence, all array'd
In indolence ſupine?
Doth liſtleſs Morpheus wave
His torpid-ſtriking wand thy brows around,

Damping

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Damping thy faculties divine?
Ariſe, fair maid, ariſe!
Shake off the tardineſs of dull delay;
Quick bid the ſacred lyre reſound,
And tune th' harmonious lay:
Brunſwick demands the verſe, prepare
Thine eagle-plumes, and light as air
Sail through the azure-vaulted ſkies.

I. 2.

But firſt remove
Far from thy hallow'd preſence, the baſe train
Of fawning Flattery; ſhe to prove
Her love, falls beſtial down
Licking the duſt: diſdain
So lowly to debaſe thine honeſt head,
And ſoil thy verdant laurel crown;
Back to thy ſhades retire,
Immerge in ſolitude thy form auguſt;
Thy ſhining locks with darkneſs braid;
Still reſt in ſilence, if the luſt

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Of fame entice thy voice to ſing
The meaneſt of mankind, a King,
Whom vice and tyranny inſpire.

I. 3.

The worthleſs great to praiſe
Befits the hireling's proſtituted pen
Who ſells for ſordid gold his venal lays.
Though oft along the winding Seine,
Though oft in days of elder date,
On the green margin of the Tuſcan ſtream,
Dazzled by pomp's external ſtate,
Th' ignoble bard has ſtrung the glozing lyre
Of ſpecious falſehood; yet the Britiſh Muſe,
Free-born, ſhould ſpurn th' illuſive theme;
And fraught with conſcious dignity, refuſe
On Folly's ſons to waſte her ſacred fire,
Or ſoothing regal grandeur, weave
For undeſerving Pride her ever-blooming wreathe.

II. 1. Such

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II. 1.

Such caution here
Is vain: thoſe numbers fabulouſly bright,
Are harſh, nor charm a Brunſwick's ear.
Where Truth ſhall point the way,
T'ward that unclouded height
Expand thy purer wings, and onward fly:
Directed by her ſteady ray,
Should meager Envy ſcowl
With baleful front, and grimly-threatening, lance
Keen arrows from her poiſonous eye,
Unmoved thou ſhalt advance,
Smile at her rage, without a wound
Hear her fierce ſerpents hiſs around,
And all her ill-ſhaped monſters howl.

II. 2.

Chaſte Virgin, ſay
Where ſhall begin the ſong? before my eyes
So various are the Forms which ſtray,
That all confuſed my mind,

And

And ſmit with wild ſurpriſe,
Scarce keeps its proper function. Here behold,
Upon a craggy rock reclined,
High ſtretch'd out o'er the main,
Deſpair and Horror on her faded brow,
Sits Gallia! while her arms enfold
The anguiſh of her breaſt, as now
Wide o'er the deep ſhe looks, now o'er
Th' exhauſted land, her humbled power
She weeps, thick falls the briny rain.

II. 3.

Changed is the ſcene, and here
Suppliant the ſavage chiefs of Indian race,
In lowly guiſe, with aſpect meek appear,
The rugged features of their face
No more with death and terror clad,
Oft wont with wild foot thro the dreary ſhade
To range with Slaughter, oft when mad
With wrath, and hot revenge, and ſtern deſire
Of blood and prey, in the calm ſilent night,

For

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For ſoft repoſe and ſlumber made,
Have raiſed th' awakening yell of dread affright,
Have baſely ſlain the unreſiſting ſire,
The babe from it's fond mother tore,
Soon weltering in her own, and her loved infant's gore.

III. 1.

Well ſkill'd in guile,
And treacherous as th' inconſtant air, which waves
It's fickle pinion with a ſmile
Now o'er the tranquil ſea;
But ſoon with fury raves,
And lifts it's tortured billows to the ſky;
Where the red-flaming car of day
Burſts from his morning goal,
O'er-powering darkneſs with refulgent might,
While diſarray'd her ſhadows fly
Before his piercing light:
Proud Eaſtern Tyrants wear the chain,
Truſt their deep policy in vain,
And treacherous wilineſs of ſoul.

III. 2. Where-

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III. 2.

Where-e'er his arms
Proceed, th' immortal form of Victory
In her full bloom of matchleſs charms,
Girds laurels round the brow
Of Britiſh Mars; his eye
Gazes entranced upon the lovely maid,
Whoſe winning ſmiles endow
His thoughts with ecſtaſy.
Say then, bright Queen of ſong, wilt thou entwine
A chaplet for his honour'd head?
Wilt thou among th' aſſembled Nine
Exalted paint his wondrous deeds,
His thundring courſe, his foaming ſteeds,
His ſpear, and brazen panoply.

III. 3.

Ah, no; for what tho here,
No vile ambition covets falſe renown;
Yet learn, O Brunſwick, name for ever dear
To Albion's ſons, that at the frown

Of

Of Juſtice, the diſtreſsful ſigh
Mild Virtue breathes, her cheeks the pitying drop
Bedews; with tendereſt ſympathy
Each generous paſſion caſts the head aſide,
And every child of Reaſon and of Senſe;
Ah! be it thine with haſte to ſtop
The fatal rage of War and Death, diſpenſe
With ardent zeal, and true heroic pride,
The bleſſings which attend the train
Of hallow'd Peace, and dignify her glorious reign.

IV. 1.

And, lo, they come!
Soft o'er the flowers which deck the velvet mead
Content and meek-ey'd Quiet roam,
Or join the choral dance
By frolic Laughter led:
And liberal Science rears her bluſhing face,
And Merit dares advance
From the dark haunt of Scorn,
Where ſhe ſtray'd penſive many a long long day:

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And every Muſe and ſiſter Grace
On thee ſhall beam the living ray:
Thy memory prized, when thoſe who gain
Fame's blood-beſprinkled palm, remain
The curſe of ages yet unborn.

IV. 2.

And ſee, to bleſs
Thy life, to ſoften Grandeur's aking fears
With the chaſte conjugal careſs,
To ſoothe it's weighty toils
And heart-corroding cares,
Where Charlotte every female virtue brings!
Oh happy ſtate, in mutual ſmiles
Where ſouls communion mingle! there
Love revels ever amiable and free,
There modeſt Tranſport waves her wing,
There dwells accordant Harmony
With true Delight, nor e'er is ſeen
Groundleſs reſentment's coward mien,
Nor doubts nor jealouſies appear.

IV. 3. Hail'd

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IV. 3.

Hail'd by a nation's voice,
Long may you add a luſtre to the crown,
By merit your's; long may the land rejoice,
Ruled by a Prince who boaſts himſelf her own.
And when, howe'er beloved, howe'er
Call'd on to ſtay, the laws of fate,
Which not tranſcendent goodneſs ſpare,
Shall ſnatch you hence from a lamenting world;
Heir to his father's virtues, may a ſon,
Another George, renew th' auſpicious date,
And mount with glory his paternal throne.
As now, far off be envious Faction hurl'd;
Diffuſive Peace, oh, ſpread thy bounties wide!
And may another nymph like Charlotte be his bride.

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ODE to the LYRIC MUSE.

I. 1.

SAY, will the Lyric Muſe
The themes of tender love refuſe?
Tho ſhe with haughty ſtate preſides
Over the big tumultuous tides,
Which down the ſacred mountain pour,
And ſtun the ear with deafening roar;
Yet where more gentle currents ſtray,
And thro the flowery vallies play,
Laughing with tranſport as they flow,
Where roſes and where myrtles grow,
Her hair with wreathes She oft has crown'd,
And ſcatter'd her enchanting bleſſings round.

I. 2.

Long in the Grecian iſles,
Retain'd by Cytheræa's ſmiles,

Enamour'd

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Enamour'd of her roſy hue,
While frolic pleaſures round her flew,
Stole from her lips the nectar'd kiſs,
And bathed their light-plumed wings in bliſs;
While Hebe danced with graceful tread,
And the ſoft airs, and paſſions led;
While ſallying from her temple's porch,
Young Love waved high his magic torch,
Thou too with ſweeteſt look appear'd,
And often thy melodious voice was heard.

I. 3.

Haſt thou forgot the melting ſtrain
Which taught by thee thy Sappho ſung,
When ſtretch'd upon the Leſbian plain,
O'er her the form of tender Pity hung?
Didſt thou not bountifully ſhed
Thy viſions o'er Anacreon's head?
And e'en the frozen breaſt of age,
In amorous nets and toils engage,

While

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While all the virgins wondering ſtood,
And laugh'd, yet found themſelves ſubdued?
And when he immaturely died,
Say, did not Grief thy heavenly beauties hide?

II. 1.

On what wide-ſeated ſhore
Do mortals now thy name adore,
Celeſtial Love? Thy haunts of old,
What clouds of ſullen gloom enfold!
How ſunk in ſhades thy influence bright
Diffuſing then it's genial light!
Within th' incircled Haram reign
Tyrannic Luſt, and jealous Pain,
Bitter Conſtraint, internal Fears,
Lean Anguiſh, and corroding Cares;
Unknown are there the mutual ſighs
Which from the ſympathetic breaſt ariſe.

II. 2.

Thy more than human mien
By yellow Tiber oft was ſeen;

And

And ere the Roman eagle flew
The ſons of Britain to ſubdue,
With native Innocence allied,
Haply thy power did here reſide;
But big with plenitude of woes,
From the rank earth a peſt aroſe;
Nature his ſhape with grief eſpied,
And for her death-doom'd offspring ſigh'd;
They ſunk beneath, an eaſy prey,
And Love fled far from Avarice away.

II. 3.

Didſt thou then ſeek Columbia's ſtrand,
There thy propitious forehead ſhew,
While raiſed by thy creative hand,
The blooming flowers of ſocial rapture grew?
Too ſhort a time, alas! from thence
Didſt thou thy radiant gifts diſpenſe:
Behold, th' impetuous monſter haſte,
Rapine, and Violence, and Waſte,

Follow

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Follow attendant on his flight:
And lo, before thy pitying ſight,
Weltering in blood thy people lies,
To curſed gold the fated ſacrifice.

III. 1.

By force exiled, ah! where
Did thy inſulted ſteps repair!
Some iſland in the ſouthern main,
Perhaps enjoy'd thy bounteous reign;
Or didſt thou ſteer thy vagrant courſe
To Orellana's diſtant ſource?
There while in artleſſneſs array'd,
The youth beholds his ſun-burnt maid;
There while of every wiſh poſſeſt,
He leans with fondneſs on her breaſt,
Thou ſeeſt them in the palmy grove,
And e'er their heads thy purple pinions move.

III. 2.

There too the heavenly Muſe
Showers perchance her kindly dews,

While

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While thus ſome Indian Horace ſings,
As to his love he ſtrikes the ſtrings.
" Ah, when you praiſe my rival's charms,
" His comely neck, and graceful arms,
" With paſſion ſwells my fervid breaſt,
" With paſſion hard to be ſuppreſt:
" My ſenſes float in terrors vain,
" My blood retreats, and comes again;
" The tears ſteal down my cheeks, and ſay,
" With what ſlow fires I totally decay."

III. 3.

Oh, if with me, ye gentle powers,
Ye ſometimes would but deign to dwell,
Borne by the quickly-circling hours,
If ye would viſit my ſequeſter'd cell:
One who with pure emotion glows,
Who not the face of Avarice knows,
Nor by Ambition drawn aſide,
But owning Nature for his guide;

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Who from his earlieſt day of youth,
Confeſs'd her charms, and worſhip'd Truth;
Ye in that ſecret cell ſhould find,
And ſubject to your laws, a willing mind.

O D E.

I. 1.

WHO with ungovern'd tongue will blame
The verſe th' eternal Muſe inſpires?
The ſoul-illuminating flame,
Kindled at heaven's own ſacred fires?
Who but the wretch of narrow mind,
Whoſe ſentiments are unrefin'd
From the vile droſs, with baſe alloy
Condemning him, to plod along
Scarce elevated o'er the beſtial throng,
Unconſcious of each nobler ſource of joy?

I. 2. Yet

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I. 2.

Yet tho unto the frigid ear
Of native Dullneſs every ſtrain
Of melody uncouth appear,
And all the gifts of Science vain;
Tho dazzled by the blaze of light,
Vice ſtarting, turns away her ſight
From where the Muſes fix their ſway;
Tho Cruelty, Revenge, and Strife,
And all the plagues which harraſs human life,
Keep far aloof, and tread a diſtant way:

I. 3.

Thy ſons, O Virtue, with reſpect ſincere,
Bend lowly down before their holy ſhrine,
To them they offer up the grateful prayer,
And bleſs the influence of the powers divine.
All who with more exalted thought
Have Wiſdom's valued precepts ſought;
All who delight with ſpotleſs breaſt
In Beauty by the Graces dreſt;

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All who to bounteous Nature juſt
Dare her inſtinctive feelings truſt,
The Muſes hallow'd votary approve,
Enjoy his confidence, and ſhare his love.

II. 1.

Hence then away, ye vulgar crew!
Such wiſh I to reject my lays;
But hither turn ye worthier few,
Embold'ned by whoſe genuine praiſe,
Let the half-ſoul'd, cold-blooded friend,
Sneer, while affecting to commend,
Let the unfeeling fool laugh loud,
To you alone the bard his lyre
Shall ſtrike, and quitting every mean deſire,
Soar far beyond the falſely-judging croud.

II. 2.

Hard and unjuſt the poet's fate,
Th' intrinſic value of his name
While all preſume to eſtimate,
Depreſs, or fix his height of fame.

Empty

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Empty deceit! as if their eye
Could trace the light'ning thro the ſky,
Purſue the comet's devious maze,
Or looking on the blue profound,
Where not the fathom-line could ever ſound,
Pierce to the bottom with a ſingle gaze.

II. 3.

Ah wretch, whoe'er is deſtined to poſſeſs
Superior ſtrength and energy of mind,
Unleſs high-ſeated in a ſphere to bleſs,
Even againſt their wills, perverſe mankind!
Elſe mingling with the common train
He ſpeaks to fond ſelf-love in vain:
The voice ſublime of Truth is ſtiled
Extravagant, excentric, wild,
For Reaſon, on the wings of light
Up-borne, eludes their groſſer ſight,
And active ſenſe ſprings t'ward the diſtant goal,
Dwells not on parts, but largely ſcans the whole.

III. 1. Yet

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III. 1.

Yet if their weakneſs He befriend,
His piercing thought benignly veil,
Reflection's ſerious brow unbend,
And her intenſer rays conceal;
They view him with familiar eyes,
And being like themſelves deſpiſe.——
O contradicting law! the chain
Of Nature, draws with all it's power,
To mix in life, and ſeek the ſocial hour;
Indignant Reaſon goads us thence again.

III. 2.

She proves how vague the hope, how blind,
Which on external good relies;
Which ſeeks for aught among mankind,
To gratify the juſt and wiſe.
Ah! where then ſhall the Bard remove,
Whoſe ſong the choral Nine approve?

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Or where the Sage, whoſe breaſt diſdains
The fickle throng, the ſordid Great?
To thoſe ſequeſter'd ſhades, that ſtill retreat
Where Solitude cloſe-leagued with Virtue reigns.

III. 3.

Her's are the Graces, her's the winning charms,
Which the fix'd boſom from conviction pleaſe;
From neceſſary choice, within her arms
We wiſh to ſpend the remnant of our days;
Not ſo in our firſt greener years,
New to this world of vice and cares,
By Flattery taught: for what is Fame,
But a deluſive idle name,
Which fades before the *living* breath?——
Though having paſs'd the vale of Death,
She may with vain ſolicitude return,
And deck with fruitleſs wreathes the funeral urn.

ODE,

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O D E.

I.

HOW lives the man, whoſe thoughts obey
Stern Cuſtom's arbitrary ſway?
He razes from his abject breaſt
The ſtamp by Nature's ſeal impreſt;
He floats on Diſſipation's tide,
Or cringes at the ſhrine of pride.
Sees as the Croud directs his eyes,
Or wears the garb of mean diſguiſe,
Unconſcious waſtes his genial prime,
Still deeper plunged in guilt by time.

II.

When age ſteals on with tardy pace,
And bounds fantaſtic Pleaſure's race,
No cheerful ſcene Reflection yields,
But dreary glades, or barren fields;
Avarice uſurps his tortured mind,
He loathes the ſun, and hates mankind.

On

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On Him no pious Care attends,
To Him no fond Affection bends,
All view him with indignant gloom,
And wiſh him in the ſilent tomb.

III.

How lives the man, whoſe thoughts have broke
Imperious Cuſtom's ſervile yoke?
Him Nature guiding by the hand,
Leads on where Truth and Reaſon ſtand;
Virtue her mantle round him flings,
And Honour waves her ſilver wings:
He dares not ſtoop to foreign laws,
But wiſely courts his own applauſe:
Health beams delighted from his eye,
And Innocence walks ſmiling by.

IV.

When ſinking in the vale of years
His head the hoary foliage bears,
Backward He caſts his tranquil ſight
And views each ſcene reflected bright;

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No ſullen damps his joy infeſt,
No plagues of Avarice tear his breaſt;
Him willing Duty haſtes to ſerve,
And ſtrains with zeal each labouring nerve,
While Love ſtands gazing on his face,
Intent the latent wiſh to trace.

SONNETS,

Written in the Highlands of Scotland, in the Year 1767.

SONNET I.

HENCE Sickneſs, nor about my weary head
Thy languid vapours wrap, and drooping wings:
Better would'ſt thou thy baleful poiſon ſhed
In ſome dark cave where the Night-raven ſings,
Where heavy ſits the gloom-delighted Owl,
Where Aconite its loathſome juices throws;
Where dwells the Bat, and Serpents hiſſing foul,
With fell Deſpair, who never knows repoſe:

There

There drag the Caitiff Wretch, who hath betray'd
His truſt, hath ruin'd innocence, or ſpilt
The ſacred blood of him who gave him life;
Him torture Stern! nor will the lovely maid,
The ſweet-eyed Mercy, conſcious of his guilt,
Reſtrain thy hand, or blunt thy ſharpen'd knife.

SONNET II.

Tho here almoſt eternal Winter reigns,
And piercing deep the womb of Nature chills;
Tho born far off under a milder ſky,
The northern blaſt e'en thro my marrow thrills,
And freezes up the life-blood in my veins;
The hardy natives o'er the mountains high,
Trace out the ſtep of Health, where mid the ſnow,
Or ſtubborn heath her feet unſandall'd ſtray:
Hence active nerves, and ſcorn of danger flow;
Hence when of late, call'd forth to mortal fray,
At their approach, Revenge more furious grew,
War ſmiled, while triple Rage new ſteel'd his heart,

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Pale bloodleſs Fear aſſumed a ghaſtlier hue,
And Death more dreadful ſhook his pointed dart.

SONNET III.

When Recollection ſtirs up in the mind
And ſets before her eye paſt ſcenes of woe,
In vain the Wiſe their hoarded precepts bring,
Dead, unimpaſſion'd, written in the flow
Of health and ſtrength, to nicer feelings blind:
In vain againſt Reflection's piercing ſting,
They urge a formal phraſe, or adage quaint,
And with a ſhrewd and well-turn'd point of wit,
Or a laborious ſtudied argument,
Think to chaſe far away the fretful fit:
They might as well drink the wide ocean dry,
Or rob cold Winter of his ſnowy beard:
Spite of the vain ſaws of Philoſophy,
Nature is prevalent, and will be heard.

SONNET IV.

Now is the feudal vaſſalage deſtroy'd,
By which the haughty Thane his ſubject train

Held

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Held at his will, and arbitrary ſway'd,
The crouching throng from fear, his lordly reign,
Or with hereditary love, obey'd.
No reſolutions of their own enjoy'd,
They bent implicitly to his controul.
Now by degrees they find that Liberty
Opens the narrow foldings of the ſoul,
Erect they ſtand, and boaſt that they are free.
No more with rapine they the fields infeſt,
Or ſeek out Slaughter in her ſecret den;
But by the laws of equal Juſtice bleſt,
Humanely think, and feel that they are men.

SONNET V.

Here turn thine eyes, thou bloated Luxury,
That pamper'ſt thy nice taſte with viands rare,
Arraying thy ſoft limbs in cloathing vain,
Sumptuous and delicate, and thou ſhalt ſee
With what ſmall reaſon men like thee complain,
And how ſuperfluous is thy idle care.

The

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The ſhed with uncemented ſtones built low,
With flaggy graſs, or ruſhes overlaid,
The fire of humble turf, the bed of ſtraw
Hard by, with one ſole coverlid beſpread;
Thus meanly lives the Caledonian Sire
With his half-naked Progeny around,
Yet joy, and calm content his mind inſpire,
And every night He bathes in ſleep profound.

SONNET VI.

I do not blame theſe rocks, and barren hills,
This deſart wilderneſs which round me lyes,
Wild glens, where Nature rude hath fix'd her ſeat,
Dark heaths, o'er which the ſcreaming Eagle flies,
While the fierce winds my tottering manſion beat;
For ſavage Pain, the worſt of human ills,
Tho ſcenes of pure and exquiſite delight
Were round me caſt, meadows, and fairy groves
All that might captivate the wond'ring ſight,
Tho by ſoft ſtreams ſhould echo murmuring Doves,

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Tho warm Eteſian gales ſhould gently play,
And Philomela tune her ſweeteſt voice,
Poſſeſſing whom, night envies not the day,
Pain, ſavage Pain, forbids me to rejoice.

SONNET VII.

Had I but met whence Nature bade expect
That juſt return of tenderneſs expreſt,
That mutual generoſity of mind,
And liberal turn, which judging from my breaſt
I fondly thought to others were conſign'd,
Always reluctant meanly to ſuſpect:
I ſhould not far, far from my native home,
With numerous cares in my ſad boſom pent
Have hither e'er prolong'd my wandering tread;
Not willingly, but driven by fate to roam.
I ſhould not then have preſs'd this cheerleſs bed,
To ſharp reflection, more than pain, a prey,
Chewing the cud of bitter diſcontent,
Where theſe high hills the Lomond Lake ſurvey.

A PICTURE

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A PICTURE of HUMAN LIFE.

ELATE with Hope, and her enlivening fires,
I ruſh'd impetuous o'er the fields of youth,
I gave up all my ſoul to gay deſires,
And Fancy's dazzling form miſtook for Truth.

She held her magic glaſs, and ſtrait I ſaw
A youth with rare accompliſhments endued;
Perfect he ſeem'd; nor quickly did I know
That ſtruck with wonder of myſelf I ſtood.

When known, a tranſient bluſh o'erſpread my face:
Self-love ſoon took the ſanguine ſtain away,
Increased each mental viſionary grace,
And deck'd each feature with a brighter ray.

Well-

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Well-pleaſed the treacherous Nymph, O youth, ſhe cried,
Point thy ideas to the higheſt aim:
Why are ſuperior virtues ſtill untried?
Why does not Worth its lawful honours claim?

Inactive riſe! lift thy aſpiring brow;
Thine be the joys of wealth, of power, of fame;
Let thy young breaſt with emulation glow;
Behold the nobleſt, and be thou the ſame.

Fool that I was, with giddy tranſport blind,
I ſwallow'd the ſweet ſound with eager ear;
My eyes the latent poiſon could not find,
Nor heart think evil of a ſhape ſo fair.

Drunk as with wine, methought I could attain
To be of each admiring tongue the theme,
Whether I will'd th' heroick palm to gain,
Or haunt the olive ſhade of Academe.

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Whether with Love to waſte the ſmiling hours,
To melt the captived virgin's icy breaſt,
Or wander in the Muſe's roſeate bowers,
Weave the proud wreathe, and dignify my creſt.

Methought my penetrating eye could dart
Thro the black plots and myſteries of ſtate,
Pierce the thick foldings of the human heart,
And rule with Judgement's voice the deep debate.

Wildly fantaſtic; the fierce northern blaſt,
I might as ſoon with guiding rein have taught,
Or dry-ſhod o'er the billowy ſea have paſt,
As into form have changed unbodied thought.

Ye gay deluſions, whither are ye fled,
Begot by Health on Fiction's lovely form?
Will ye ne'er gently hover o'er my head?
With rapture ne'er again my boſom warm?

Say,

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Say, canſt thou bid old Time, with ſtealthy pace,
Retread the paths his feet have trod before?
The ſun mete backward his celeſtial race?
And we'll again our pleaſing dreams reſtore.

Again, from the full fount of life thy blood,
Swift burſting forth, ſhall ſwell each turgid vein;
Th' enthuſiaſtic ſpirits in a flood,
From each ſtrong nerve ſhall fire thy kindling brain.

This Fate withſtands;——and Reaſon, ſterneſt guide,
Contracts in narrower bounds th' excurſive view;
She plainly ſhews, throughout the fleeting tide
Of Life, what airy bubbles we purſue.

By her does conſcious Diffidence and Fear
Ambition's rage, and Fancy's whims controul,
The flighty purpoſes to youth ſo dear,
And that wild elaſticity of ſoul.

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Hence then, ye vain, ye unſubſtantial joys,
Able the ſelf-deluded ſoul to bleſs.—
Yet when, alas! among life's real toys,
Shall I ſuch ſoothing happineſs poſſeſs!

O D E.

I.

ASSUME, O Vice, thy proper hue,
In thy own native likeneſs ſtand,
Soon ſhalt thou find thy ſubjects few,
Thy throne uprear'd on ſand:
Abhorrent Nature with ſurpriſe
Would turn away her loathing eyes;
Ingenuous Youth with pain
Thy monſtrous ſhape would ſee
Cover'd with each toad-ſpotted ſtain;
While writhing Anguiſh, and pale Infamy,
Stalk cloſe behind, too deſperate to complain.

II. But

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II.

But cunning as thou art,
Well doſt thou know the human heart;
It's intimate receſſes lie
Expanded
~~Open~~ to thy wily eye.
Hence thou with many a mimic grace,
Stol'n from the Virtues, as of old,
Unconſcious of an enemy ſo near,
Always open and ſincere,
Ever with decent freedom bold,
They ſtripp'd themſelves to lave
Beneath a grot in the tranſlucent wave,
Haſt deck'd thy odious face.

III.

Thy unſuſpecting lover thinks them true:
Of cloudy vapours made,
A thouſand dazzling forms parade
Before his cheated view:
A thouſand pleaſures move,
Breathing Mirth, and ſocial Love;

Some

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Some with quick-doubling feet,
And winning ſmiles, advance
In the mazy circling dance;
And then with more alluring ſtep retreat.

IV.

Others on waving wing,
Such notes of lively tranſport ſing;
Or varying now their ſtrain,
With ſuch dying melody complain;
That guided by th' enchanting ſound,
And ſwallowed up in hearing, every ſenſe,
The fated victim o'er the magic ground,
Straying without defence,
His careleſs progreſs takes;
Till loſt among inextricable brakes,
Or in the midſt of ſome wild heath forlorn,
He finds himſelf at laſt;
Hears nothing but the wintry blaſt,
Which all his idle moanings flouts with ſcorn.

V. Fatigued

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V.

Fatigued and ſpiritleſs he lies,
Nor dares from the cold earth to riſe;
Night cloſes in.—Ah, where art thou,
Celeſtial Hope! thy face the darkneſs ſhrouds;—
Oh! through the quick-diſparting clouds
Appear, and by the moon's clear ray
Let him behold thy placid brow:
Faithful companion of thy way,
By his golden lance well known,
And firm-ingirding adamantine zone,
Bring Reſolution, in a purple veſt
By the young unfledg'd Moments dreſt.

VI.

Oh! raiſe him in your arms! and while his veins
Yet flow with life, while any ſtrength remains,
Bear him away with ſwifteſt courſe:
For ſhould Sleep on him ſteal,
And with it's dew his eye-lids ſeal,
Not even an immortal force

Could

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Could open them again; no more
Shall he behold the ſun of Virtue pour
It's radiance from the morning-ſky;
Black miſts ſhall round him ever fly;
Or he ſhall fall from ſome ſteep mountain's brow,
O'erwhelm'd by the deep flood that roars below.

The MADNESS of ASPASIA.

ABHORR'D forever be his name
Who ſnares for Candour lays,
And branding innocence with ſhame,
The Virgin's faith betrays.

Who practiced in deſtructive art,
Her thoughts ſincere arraigns,
And tho his image fills her heart,
Of cold neglect complains.

Then,

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Then, while She feels the quick alarm,
Seizes th' unguarded time,
Honour and Love's emotion warm,
And glories in his crime.

Such Cynthio and Aſpaſia were,
In pride of earlieſt youth
A victim ſunk the generous Fair
To his diſſembled truth.

Pall'd by poſſeſſion, tho her ſoul
Was worth a kingdom's price,
Yet all it's charms could not controul
The harden'd ſlave of vice.

Tho on her boſom well he knew
What pangs would urge their force,
Pangs, which their ſharper tortures drew
From Virtue's native ſource.

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But Vengeance ſure, tho now defied,
Shall harrow up his mind,
That mercy which his ſoul denied,
Shall be from him confin'd.

The grief which to her Sire befell,
His agony's exceſs,
No pen, no other tongue can tell,
A Father only gueſs.

Let us, ſaid He, my Friends proceed
To where th' afflicted ſtrays,
Oh! may our cares at leaſt ſucceed
To give ſome tranſient eaſe.

Let us her boſom's rankling wound
With tender pity fill,
Or ſit in ſilent woe around,
As the mute mourner, ſtill.

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But lo! She darts acroſs the green!
Spare, ſpare my tortured ſight—
Before my eyes this hour had ſeen
Why cloſed they not in night?

Her face! I view diſtraction there—
I read it in her eye;
That glance beſpeaks, and that wild air
Extremeſt miſery.

She opes her pallid lips—oh worth!
O ruin'd excellence!
Thy unconnected thoughts pour forth,
And reave me of my ſenſe.

I've been to yonder wood to gather flowers,
There on a bank ſo ſteep,
I ſaw him lying faſt aſleep;
I ſtole on ſoftly to the bowers,

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No ear
My ſilent ſtep could hear:
For why ſhould I awake,
Or cauſe him from his dream to ſtart?
But a fierce ſnake
My footſteps did purſue,
I nothing of it knew,
And ſpringing on me, eat out all my heart.
See what a frightful wound!
Ah! no, it cannot now be found.
So I ſnatch'd up my flowers in haſte,
And round my head have traced;
But they're too bright and gay,
As I wear them in my hair,
They make my complexion more faded appear:
Away! away! away!
Yet I have been as fair as they;——
But ſhould *they* be betray'd,——
Deprived of their bloom,
They'd ſink down to the tomb,

And

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And be pale and wan like me.
Be ſure with them let my hearſe be dreſt,
And ſtrew them o'er my earthy bed,
Where I ſhall ſhortly lie:
When the cold turf ſupports my head,
I'll take my fill of reſt;
The ſun-beams gay and fine
Shall ſee no grief of mine,
Nor the worm hear me ſigh.
But I pray you ſecret prove:
Tell it not to my love,
Nor let him that way go,—
For ſhould he come in,
And ſee me look ſo thin,
His heart would burſt in two.
No;——he has quite forgot,
He ſays he knows me not
Now in my miſery.
And will you believe him too?
Has madneſs ſeiz'd your mind?

Tho

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Tho you may think him true,
The faithleſs ſeas and wind,
Are not more falſe than he.
Methinks I can't but ſmile,
That he ſhould *you* beguile.——
I heed not what he ſays,
But ſtop up my ears,
And am deaf to his prayers.
In vain his flatteries he diſplays,
And tells me I am fair
As the new-fallen ſnow,
That my keen eyes have pierc'd him through,
That me alone he loves.——No, no,
When once deceived, beware.
Fool that I was! I thought him true.——
Oh ſnatch him, ſnatch him from my view——
Yet ye tormentors ſet him free,
Give him his liberty:
The pain his conſcience brings,
Is worſe than all your racks of ſteel,

Your

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Your whips and cruel ſtings:
I know what he muſt feel.——
He ſwore, ſo holy was his flame,
That I ſhould never know
A pleaſure or a woe,
But he ſhould feel the ſame.
So bid the bride-maids come;
I'll be dreſs'd all in white:——
We'll take the damaſk room;——
'Tis long before 'tis night.——
What ſay you! Loſt! 'tis all a jeſt;
It is not yet quite dark:
He ſtays till I'm undreſt.——
Is that the morning lark?
Not yet return'd? where fled? where fled?
Alas, I knew it well;
I knew that he was dead,
Altho you would not tell.
I'm wond'rous cold: My hands are clay,——
My blood in froſt is bound;——

Yet

Yet force me not away:
We'll lie in the ſame ſpot of ground:
Under this marble ſtone,
I ſhall enjoy him all alone.

Oh! help my Friends! her accents low
Her interrupted breath,
And theſe convulſive ſtrugglings ſhew
The quick approach of death.

And are there powers in Heaven above?
Will they this ſight behold?
Then penſive Virtue fearful rove,
Exulting Vice be bold.

The ebbing tide of life fleets faſt,
Alas! She breathes no more—
Her mortal pilgrimage is paſt,
And mine will ſoon be o'er.

ELEGY

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ELEGY from SPENSER.

WHEN firſt before my youthful eyes,
I ſaw the form of Damon move,
I gazed upon him with ſurpriſe,
But not one thought had I of love.

My ſoul grew fond of fancies vain,
Tetchy and froward, nought could pleaſe;
Yet knew I not what gave me pain,
Nor thought it love, but ſome diſeaſe.

Soon as the beauty of the ſky
Night had defaced with pallid hue,
Striving to ſleep I down ſhould lie,
But ſleep away far from me flew.

Inſtead thereof ſad ſighs and fears
About me cruel watch maintain'd,

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Forth guſh'd th' involuntary tears,
And Sorrow then triumphant reign'd.

If any drop of ſlumb'ring reſt
Into my weary ſoul diſtill'd,
What frightful dreams would then infeſt!
What horror through my boſom thrill'd!

Then up I from my bed ſhould ſtart,
And all my former grief renew,
Think on that image in my heart,
And all its heavenly charms review.

All night a ſtranger to repoſe,
To eaſe a ſtranger all the day,
No ſports, no company I choſe,
To Solitude a willing prey.

Thus cared I not abroad to ſpread
Youth's plant, when in its faireſt prime,

But

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But let it all neglected, ſhed
Both fruit and flower before its time.

Alas, ſhould this be love, I cried!
Too late the fatal cauſe I found,
In vain each lenient art I tried,
Too deep had pierced the rankling wound.

Nor other cure had I for grief,
But my hard fortune to deplore,
To languiſh like the fallen leaf,
And feed with plaints th' impoiſon'd ſore.

Thus t'ward the ſilent grave I paced,
Thus by degrees decay'd my frame,
Till by the long and lingering waſte,
I like a pined ghoſt became.

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INSCRIPTION for an ARBOUR.

ENTER, of welcome ſure, beneath this ſhade,
Ye ſacred few, whoſe eyes can ſee with ſcorn
The pomp of Luxury; who unſeduced
Can leave behind the city's noiſy hum;
And ſmitten with the charms of innocence,
Pleaſed with the lowly glen, and verdant lawn,
The leafy covert, and ſecure retreat,
Can hear with calm delight the thruſh attune
His wildly-warbled note; can hear with joy
The village hind whiſtle his uncouth tune;
And herds loud-lowing in the dale beneath.

INSCRIP-

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INSCRIPTION on a TREE in the Centre of a GROVE.

THE Hamadryads, who inform this grove,
Are pure, nor underneath their ſheltering boughs
Harbour a thing profane; you they invite,
Ye virtuous Indolent, who ſcorn to act
In the corrupted ſcenes of public life,
The friends of heart-felt joy; with open arms
Receive Benevolence; hear the Muſe pour
Her artleſs ſong well-pleaſed; and in their ſhade,
Bid Love's blithe form ſport all the ſummer long.

ODE.

BOUNTEOUS eſſence of the vine!
The preſent hour is wholly thine;
Fervid waves of rapture ſtrong
Throb my burſting veins along.

Wide

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Wide expands my glowing heart,
Forth it's generous Inmates ſtart,
Mirth, and Fancy's vivid train,
Wit, which Art could ne'er enchain,
And Friendſhip of ethereal mould,
Hating meanneſs, hating gold.
Prudence hence; it loaths to trace
The features of thy ſimpering face,
Thy ſober-meaſur'd gait to ſpy,
And leaden joy-forbidding eye.
Prudence hence; thy laws I ſcorn,
Thou of mean Deceit art born,
By ſly Hypocriſy begot;
Noble Frankneſs heeds thee not.
Yet tho all my ſallying ſoul
Expatiates wide, and hates controul;
Tho my thoughts unbridled dare
Forward fly in wild career;
In their moſt impetuous courſe,
Let me, Reaſon, prove thy force:

The

Tho thou totter'ſt on thy throne,
Let me call thee ſtill my own;
For ſo mad I would not be,
As quite to loſe the ſight of thee.

O D E.

NO; ye beckon me in vain,
Your allurements I diſdain,
Powers of riot! God of wine,
Though thy gliſt'ning forehead ſhine
Through the garland which around
Is ſo negligently bound;
Tho Joy lighten from thy eye;
Tho the purple goblet high
With nectar foam; on thy right hand
Tho the ſoul of Pleaſure ſtand,
And Wit, and unlaced Gaiety,
Which, with Humour ever free,

Jeſt

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Jeſt delighted; while beſide
Laughter ſits, and ope'ing wide
His mouth, lets forth a pealing din,
And ſhakes his jolly double chin:
God of wine, thou call'ſt in vain,
Thy allurements I diſdain.

Lo, ſhe comes, the Cyprian Queen!
Mark her ſoul-inflaming mien:
Thinly clad, the Luſcious Fair
In Modeſty's diſſembled air;
Mark the faintly-broken ſighs;
See her panting boſom riſe;
Kindred orbs of ſnowy white
Gently ſwelling to the ſight;
Languid eyes, extinct their fire,
Well they ſpeak intenſe deſire.

Does not maddening Fancy rove
Through every vein provoking love?

Snatch,

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Snatch, O ſnatch me to thy arms,
Feaſt on willing Beauty's charms,
Luxurious feaſt without controul,
And bathe in rapture all thy ſoul.

Cyprian Venus, hence away,
Scorn attends thy longer ſtay;
I deteſt the bought embrace;
Well I know thy practiſed face:
Hence to unſuſpicious Youth,
Palm on him pretence for truth.
By Experience rightly taught,
Mine be Reaſon's ſober thought;
Temperance, and her frugal hoard,
Slender fare, and homely board;
Mine be calm, domeſtic life,
The nuptial bed, the tender wife;
The ſmiling infant on my knee,
Chirping it's little tale with glee.

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So ſhall Health attend me ſtill,
So ſhall Pleaſure drink her fill
From the pureſt ſource of joy;
So ſhall Love without alloy,
Frolic o'er the hallow'd ground,
And wave his genial wing around.

Cyprian Venus, to my eyes,
When theſe home-felt tranſports riſe,
Bacchus' riot-breeding train,
And thy embraces I diſdain.

On the DEAD SPARROW of LESBIA.

From CATULLUS.

O Venus! O ye Loves bewail!
And all who finer paſſions feel!
Dead is the ſparrow of my Fair,
The ſparrow, who her tender care,

Who

Who her exceſs of fondneſs proved,
Whom dearer than her eyes ſhe loved.
For he the ſweeteſt mind poſſeſs'd;
Conſcious by whom he was careſs'd,
He ne'er from her endearments flew;
Not ſhe her mother better knew;
But leaping round in wanton play,
Twitter'd to her the live-long day.
Now goes he to the gloomy bourn,
Whence no one ever may return.
Periſh, ye fatal ſhades, who ſpare
Nothing that's either good or fair!
Now have ye ſnatch'd with ruthleſs mind
The beſt and faireſt of his kind.
O Impious Deed! from cheerful day
To force the little wretch away!
For whom my Girl finds no relief,
Her ſwelling eyes are red with grief.

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To SLEEP.

WHERE are the downy ſlumbers fled
Which hover'd nightly o'er my head,
And ſoon as I my pillow preſt,
Cloſed my eyes in ſweeteſt reſt?
By wakeful Love forbid to ſtay,
Alas! too long ye keep away!
O come, ye vagrant ſlumbers, ſpread
Again your pinions o'er my head!
O, long unchear'd by ſweet repoſe,
Again my fainting eye-lids cloſe!

ELEGY.

THE trueſt Love is moſt reſerved, and ſhy,
No look of confidence or boldneſs wears,
Known by the humble brow, and ſoften'd eye,
And full of wavering doubts, and anxious fears.

When

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When I perceived that Theſpia had o'ercome
My yielding heart, and fixt her empire there,
That from her hands I muſt receive my doom,
And all my future weal muſt flow from her,

How did my boſom fluctuate with the pain
Of native baſhfulneſs and ſtrong deſire!
What varying conflicts did I not ſuſtain!
How ſtruggled ſoft reſpect, with Paſſion's fire.

Oft did I wiſh the ſecret to have told,
But awe withheld, and modeſt dread prevail'd;
Her preſence all my faculties controul'd,
And every ſettled reſolution fail'd.

At length with firm intent I ſought the Fair,
With firm intent to pour out all my heart,
At once diſplay the ſtory of my care,
And the long miſery of conſuming ſmart.

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To a ſequeſter'd grove her ſteps I drew,
She without guile, went innocently free,
No ill ſuſpecting, for no ill ſhe knew,
Nor fear'd to truſt herſelf alone with me.

At firſt my uſual converſe I aſſay'd,
Hoping from thence to gain a tranquil air,
And as along the winding path we ſtray'd,
With frequent bloſſoms deck'd her flowing hair.

But ſtill my ſhorten'd breath faſt went and came,
O'er my embarraſs'd limbs a ſtiffneſs hung,
My heart throbb'd ſtrong, and ſhook my labouring frame,
And fears, I knew not how, unnerved my tongue.

Reſolved to ſpeak, ſome ſecret power reſtrain'd;
Aſhamed, and angry with myſelf I grew,
With crimſon conſciouſneſs my cheeks were ſtain'd,
And quick again the conſcious ſtains withdrew.

She

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She, whether obſervant all the while,
Or elſe this ſtrange confuſion to relieve,
Talks with her wonted eaſe, and careleſs ſmile,
But brief and vague each anſwer which I gave.

Then chang'd my fickle will it's firſt deſign,
Determined ſudden on ſome future day,
Then would I each perplexity entwine,
And every ardent wiſh before her lay.

A tranſient calm ſucceeded in my breaſt;
Yet ſure, thought I, they were not ſo conceal'd,
But ſhe th' emotions of my heart hath gueſs'd;
She too may haply wiſh they were reveal'd.

Though now my faultering tongue its aid denies,
She muſt have read the language of my ſoul,
Nor have I mark'd diſpleaſure in her eyes,
When forth from mine the glance of Love hath ſtole.

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Then turning round in haste, as if afraid
Left diffidence again might intervene,
Not daring to erect my timid head,
My hesitating lips disclos'd my pain.

ELEGY.

IN nothing was I learn'd, but only how
To pen my flocks, and drive them to the field,
In the strait furrow to direct my plough,
And when my hoe and pruning-hook to wield.

Uncultivated was my mind, and mean,
My abject thoughts low fasten'd to the earth,
Till Love, with hand benign, brake Custom's chain,
And bade me soar beyond my humble birth.

With

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With beauty fired, I look'd around, and saw
The charms of Nature never seen before;
O Love! a willing vassal to thy law
I bend, I feel thy blessings, and adore.

Prompted by thee, *as yet* with trembling tongue
I call'd the Muses, and desired their aid,
My wood-notes in the hazel copse I sung,
And caught th' attention of the listening maid.

She listen'd to my strains, she heard my tale,
While deepening blushes o'er her cheeks arise,
The soft consenting sigh my lips inhale,
I see the yielding languor of her eyes.

No; witness Truth! if ever I estrange
This grateful heart which only beats for thee—
Why utter needless vows? I cannot change,
Fix'd are my bonds, nor will I e'er be free.

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Fix'd is thy gentle ſway, by thee my mind
Avarice and all its ſordid acts diſdains,
The common vice of Paſſion unrefined,
The common vice among our country Swains.

Hence ſtinging cares; hence groveling they behold
The ſtate of riches with an envious eye;
They think not aught beyond the power of gold,
Nor know how Love can lift the ſoul on high.

Oh! come, my Fair-one; I have thatch'd above,
And whiten'd all around my little cot,
I've ſhorn the hedges leading to the grove,
Nor is the ſeat, and willow bower forgot.

Low is the path of life in which I move,
Yet wilt thou not regret the higher ſphere
Of Wealth and noiſy Pride; while faithful Love,
And Innocence, and ſweet Content, are here.

ELEGY.

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ELEGY.

STILL, blooming Health, thy modeſt graces ſhed
O'er the clear ſurface of my Theſpia's cheek;
There let thy freſh, thy glowing tints be ſpread,
Thy ſmiles enlightening, and complacence meek.

Protect her where ſhe goes, ye gentle Powers,
Pure Denizons of undulating air,
Whether from glowing noon-tide's ſultry hours,
Or Evening's dewy ſhades, protect the Fair.

'Tis true, my Theſpia, I indeed confeſs
That ſelfiſh are the prayers and vows I pay,
With no diſintereſted voice I bleſs
The Gods, or pour the ſupplicating lay.

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For, ah! from thee, and from thy looks, I find,
Warm to my heart each cordial joy muſt flow,
Sweetening the ills of Life; from thee my mind
Muſt taſte its keeneſt ſenſe of piercing woe.

Thine is the maſter-key each ſpring to rule,
Each hidden movement of my ſecret thought;
Sure thou wert bred in ſome Enchanter's ſchool,
Who all his ſpells and myſtick charms has taught.

Yet then would Holy Truth with thee reſide,
Truth which unbounded Confidence may truſt?
Yet then would mean Deceit fly far aſide?
And wild Caprice confounding falſe and juſt?

Would'ſt thou have ſaid, as I, ſtruck dumb with fear,
Tremblingly pointed out my humble bower,
Haply Tranquility and Peace are there,
For them I ſcorn the gawdy farce of Power?

O thou

O thou ſincereſt! how ſhall I repay
The endleſs debt of gratitude I owe?
Quickly, my Fair, point out to me the way,
And ſhew the path, for thou alone canſt ſhew.

Tho' ſilent is thy tongue, thy ſpeaking eye,
The modeſt bluſhes o'er thy cheeks which roſe,
That deep-drawn breath, that panting breaſt reply,
The ſole return is tenderneſs and love.

Will this ſuffice? and doſt thou aſk no more?
What the ſpontaneous feelings needs muſt give?
Oh! let me laviſh on thee all my ſtore,
Nor ceaſe to love thee till I ceaſe to live.

For ever rivetted within my heart
Thy dear unſullied image ſhall remain:
When from that ſeat I bid it to depart,
May I by ſome tremendous ſtroke be ſlain!

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No common death I ſhall deſerve to die,
To pine by inches on a barren ſtrand,
Scorch'd by the vengeful Sun's ſevereſt eye,
Nor by one ſportive wandering Zephyr fann'd:

To freeze on ſome bleak rock: to glut the rage
Of howling beaſts within the dreary waſte:
Or live, in youth deſpis'd, in helpleſs age
Th' extremities of want and woe to taſte:

To walk a moving plague among mankind,
Shunn'd, hated, and refuſed the alms I crave,
Refuſed Deſpair's laſt, only wiſh, to find
A ſtill retirement in the peaceful grave:

In that fond hope to be deceived, to hear
With ſoul yet conſcious, in the church-yard way
The fierce invective caſt upon my bier,
And ſcornful Laughter dancing o'er my clay:

All

All this, and more, I ſhall deſerve to prove,
When led by changeful Fancy's wanton eye,
I turn a faithleſs truant to thy love,
And on the wings of vagrant Falſehood fly.

E L E G Y.

AH! whence, my Theſpia, can that anguiſh flow,
That ſilent anguiſh of expreſſive woe?
That ſigh which from thy ſtruggling boſom ſtole?
That look which pierces to thy inmoſt ſoul?
Ah! ſay, my Theſpia, I conjure thee ſay,
To *me* the hidden cauſe thou *may'ſt* diſplay:
Half of thyſelf, I claim my lawful ſhare;
Yet would to Heaven that I the whole might bear!
Unveil thy thoughts in confidence to me;
And truſt a boſom fraught with ſympathy.
From thee would I my labouring heart confine?
And are not all its deepeſt ſecrets thine?

A Wretch

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Wretch that I am! am I (who thee from pain
To shield, would pour out life at every vein)
Am I the cause? and couldst thou ever see
A look of coldness glancing from my eye
To thee a cold blank look? Oh! too refined,
And subtile errour of thy feeling mind!

A delicacy apt too deep to dive,
To each nice touch too tenderly alive!
Though I esteem it as a blessing sent,
As the more polish'd mind's chief ornament,
A finer spark kindled by Heaven's own ray,
Yet let not Sensibility betray.

Thou weep'st, where did my tongue profanely err?
How could I blame thee? 'twas excess of Love.
O let me circle thee with fondest embrace;
Warm breast to breast, and glowing face to face,
(My fixed lips while speech's rapture dies)
Imbibe the lucid moisture of thine eyes,

Thy

Thy melting spirit in each breath inhale,
Gaze on thee till the nerves of vision fail,
And quite o'erpower'd by Love's imperious sway,
Feel all my fainting soul dissolve away.

ELEGY.

WHAT have I done, what crime in me is found,
What secret evil lurking in my breast,
That while all Nature else is smiling round,
Heaven has on me it's heaviest stroke impress'd?

Have I e'er droppp'd a wish of other's harm?
Or done an ill tho ne'er to be reveal'd?
Have I not always breath'd th' emotion warm
On the chaste lip of Social Virtue seal'd?

Ah! is it not enough that far away
From my own native happy fields I rove,
Far from each friendly name condemn'd to ſtray,
And torn by cruel force from her I love.

But muſt thro her the barbed ſteel be ſent,
Which piercing, with ſevereſt torture wounds?
Shall ſhe I love convey the puniſhment
Which Juſtice muſt confeſs exceeds its bounds?

On me rain all your woes, ye righteous Powers!
Though hard, I'll ſtrive the miſery to bear;
View Sickneſs ſteal away my lingering hours
On tainted wing, nor drop a pining tear!

But, ah! the gentle Virgin's tender frame——
O Bright-hair'd Chaſtity! O Angel Truth!
If ye are aught beyond an empty name,
Save, ſave in pity Innocence and Youth.

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Shield, ſhield me from the racking thought! I ſpy
From her cold cheeks the bland ſuffuſion fled,
Dead is the piercing magick of her eye,
The luſtre-darting beam of ſenſe is dead.

She calls on me.——Oh, ſnatch the laſt embrace!
Woods, rivers, mountains, countries intervene;
Oh curſe of curſes! ne'er that lovely face
Again ſhall I behold; e'en the laſt ſcene

Some dreary ſatisfaction might afford,
Some ſolace to the madneſs of Deſpair,
Gloating in ſecret on his gloomy hoard,
With eye intorted viewing what is there.

AMYNTAS.

An ELEGIAC POEM. 1765.

THE ſtrains of young Amyntas, which diſtreſs
Prey'd on his frame, and hopeleſs of relief
With anxious ſoul He ſtruck the ſolemn lyre,
I give to thoſe, whoſe feelings, like his own,
Unwarp'd by diſſipation, or the touch
Of morbid ſenſibility, are true
To genuine pity: who like him retired
Far from the world, but not with him condemn'd
To ſhare the bitter cup, ſtill love the taſte
Pleaſingly ſad, which Nature prompts to love,
Nor ſelfiſh from affliction turn their eye,
Nor ſcorn th' impaſſion'd Muſe's hallow'd lay.
Thus in his ſecret haunts He ſtruck the lyre,
And thus in ſolemn note the ſtrains began.

Hail

Hail ye ſequeſter'd rocks! ye pines which ſhed
Your melancholy horrors o'er my head!
Ye ſcenes, where Solitude unfolds her wings,
And ſilence ſtill as death around her flings!
Not that I invocate your darkening glade,
To pour upon my mind a deeper ſhade:
Superfluous were your help to wake the ſtrain
Of grief, when feeling nature bids complain;
When ſtern reflection ſpeeds her arrow keen,
And piercing tells me "thus thou once haſt been,"
No, in the regal dome of feſtive pride
Where luxury expands her banners wide,
Where noiſy riot, and unthinking mirth,
And the whole brood of folly take their birth,
Cheerleſs would ſit the wretch o'erwhelm'd with pain,
And even a Siren's note could charm in vain.
Yet hail to you here I may without controul
Indulge the ſad emotions of my ſoul.

Into this lonely place th' inſulting eye
Of curious impudence will fail to pry.
From the falſe voice of harlot pity free,
Here I may give a looſe to miſery.
Here I may drag my languid feet and ſlow,
Here I may lay my drooping limbs full low,
On the cold ground in wild diffuſion ſpread,
Nerveleſs my arms, and unſuſtain'd my head.

Why was I born? or why did I not come
A blaſted Embryo from my mother's womb?
Curſt be the moment when the midwife ſmiled,
And hail'd her parent of a living child.
Yet, I accuſe not Heaven; I lived, I grew,
And ſeem'd as nurſt by it's deſcending dew.
With joy and health thro childhood's paths I ran,
With joy and health thro youth roſe up to man.
Yes, in the ſtrength of roſy health array'd,
I've trod with active feet the verdant mead,

Elate,

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Elate, and conſcious of her genial glow,
With active feet have climb'd the mountain's brow.
When the high-mettled blood with looſen'd reins,
Fiery and hot ruſh'd bounding thro the veins.
When every nerve with quick ſenſation fraught,
Each touch, ſound, ſight, to the warm ſeat of thought
Bore ſwiftly, and with pleaſing ſtamp impreſs'd:
When ſweet content, ſelf-nurtured, in my breaſt
Fix'd her abode: from whom good-nature ſprung,
She tuned each gentle accent of my tongue,
Spread o'er my cheeks her mild complacent air,
My forehead ſmoothed, and laugh'd at angry care.

Rather be curſt the day, when in the pride
Of youth, and prodigal of ſtrength, I tried
My limbs beyond what prudent nature gave:
When I with fooliſh emulation brave,
Tortured each tendon, every nerve, to gain
A bootleſs victory on the graſſy plain:

Not

Not uſed to ſhare the wreſtler's hardy deed,
Not form'd to bear away th' athletic meed.
Thence the cold ſweat which now bedews my limbs,
Thence the damp miſt before my eyes which ſwims,
The hoarſe weak voice, and interrupted breath,
Each anxious preſage of approaching death
Which terrifies my mind: it's powers decay'd,
No longer in it's wonted robes array'd
Of conſtancy, of firmneſs; ere I die
Reaſon ſeems dead, and dull fatuity
Threatens her vacant throne. Oh! dreadful thought!
Better have never been, better be nought,
Than juſt with ſenſe enough to ſee and rue
The diſmal change, to drag on life, and view
Blighted by ſickneſs' harſh and wintery frown
Each intellectual bloſſom falling down,
Each intellectual fruit, which late ſo fair
Put forth by health and youth, the balmy air
Promiſed to ripen: to look round in vain
For gay imagination's vivid train,

The

The quick-wing'd thought, which gathering knowledge
flew
From Earth, to the blue arch of Heaven, or drew
Whene'er She pleaſed from her own ſecret ſtore
Sweet entertainment: ope'd the hidden door,
Moſt difficult to open, and beheld
Herſelf in naked entity reveal'd.

What tho the luſtre of theſe eyes is gone,
Theſe eyes which once could gaze upon the ſun
When in the centre of his noontide height
He pour'd redundant his ſtrong beams of light!
What tho theſe nerves, thro which in gladſome tide
I felt the genial happy ſpirits glide,
With cold obſtruction pine! I had not cared
If firm my mental eye, if my ſoul ſhared
It's priſtine warmth, nor ſhould corporeal pain
Howe'er tormenting, urge me to complain.
Yes, worſe than racks or fire it is, to find
Eraſed the loved ideas of the mind,

Yet ſtill ſurviving, o'er God's earth to ſtray
A mere mechanic piece of moving clay.

Tho even this perchance I might have borne,
Had not from out my ſuffering breaſt been torn
Her generous offspring; wiſdom of the head,
Had not the virtues of the heart been dead.
I might have ſpared. But where, alas! is now
That inſtantaneous ſympathiſing glow
Which when another's ſudden good was known
I felt like lightning o'er my boſom thrown?
Oh! I remember at the tale of grief,
My loaded heart in tears hath found relief,
In pureſt drops from pity's genuine ſource.
Now ſelf engroſſes all, now ſelf by force
Weighs down the nobler paſſions, in their ſtead
Suſpicion, peeviſhneſs, and gloom ſucceed.
Fain would I fly from their deteſted ſway,
Tho oft rebellious, ſtill I muſt obey.

My

My soul is hurried out with anxious care,
And each unfriendly passion harbours there.

Ye Maids of Memory! who benignly bright
Ope'd your gay visions to my youthful sight:
Led by whose retrospective power I stray'd
Thro darksome shade, or sunny lawn, and play'd
With wild-eyed Fancy: while at her command
A thousand wing'd ideas rose, and fann'd
With light capricious plume my glowing face.
Ye Maids of Memory! wrapt in whose embrace
I've spent all day, and all the livelong night,
Nor wish'd, so ravishing was the delight,
Return of morn, as o'er your sacred page
I hung enamour'd, while with eager rage
I swallow'd as it were your magic lay.
Ye Maids of Memory, to whom I pay,
E'en now, faint adoration, for no more
Is left to pay, each rapturous thought is o'er,

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The blaze of love which kindled in my breaſt
When to my wond'ring eyes you ſtood confeſt.
Witneſs, ye Maids of Memory, how my ſoul
Expatiated then, no mean controul
Shackled elaſtic thought, no ſtraiten'd ſphere
It's efforts circumſcribed; was even air,
All-piercing air more free? then did I live,
Then could I pleaſure take, then pleaſure give,
Then dwelt I with the gay, or with the grave,
But now my ſoul is an impriſon'd ſlave;
She ſtrives indeed for freedom, but in vain,
So dark the dungeon, and ſo ſtrong the chain.

With thee too God of wine, and of delight!
Attentive to the voice, and happy flight
Of inexpreſſive humour, I with joy
Have often ſate; not thee with vile alloy
Of frontleſs ribaldry debaſed, but thee,
Where on each ſide of genuine liberty

Stood

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Stood the fair forms of decency and ſenſe.
They order'd ſocial gayety diſpenſe
Her bleſſings; widen'd friendſhip's raptured heart;
Bade into life each generous feeling ſtart;
Awaken'd native genius; all around
Sincere, colloquial intercourſe was found,
Communion ſweet of ſouls. Alas! the hour
Is come, when I no longer own thy power.
Mirth, what art Thou? to me, an empty name.
I own it, tho I bluſh a crimſon ſhame,
Society I hate: I ſhun the way
Of converſe, as if there infection lay;
Far at a diſtance by myſelf I go,
For lonelineſs well fits the ſoul of woe.
Nor can I bear to be deſpiſed when ſeen,
Conſcious I am not what I once have been,
The world muſt know the ſame: I feel, I feel
Contempt, more piercing than the ſharpeſt ſteel;
Her ever-rankling wound no balm can cure,
The pain no mortal fleſh can long endure.

I have

I have not been despised: the listening ear
Hath wish'd again my ended speech to hear:
Not that I ask'd respectful awe to find,
But more, had gain'd the love of human kind;
By those who fully knew me, most careful,
By those who knew the secrets of my breast.
I have not been despised; the partial eye
Of beauty hath on me been cast, the sigh
Hath heaved the bosom of the pitying maid,
When I the sufferings of my heart display'd,
The hidden grief which prey'd upon my frame,
The secret fears, and ill-dissembled flame.

Ah! why was there to me a soul, just Heaven!
Susceptible of tender passion given!
Why did my eyes, which scorn'd the pomp of gold,
Enraptur'd, beauty's angel form behold?
Catch the quick glance? imbibe the gentle flame?
And pour the grateful frenzy o'er my heart?

While

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While ſtill my mind with higher notions fraught,
And a more noble dignity of thought,
Spurn'd each baſe impulſe, nor to gain alone
Corporeal charms deſired, but to be one,
One ſoul with her I loved, t' immingle there
This, this I cried is only love ſincere:
When wiſhes, paſſions, ſentiments agree;
For ſuch as theſe ethereal harmony
Starts from her ſphere, and ravi&ſh't at the ſight,
Dwells in their preſence with ſupreme delight.
The joys theſe only know, theſe only prove
The feelings worthy the bleſt name of love.

Thus while I ſpoke, around my youthful head
Deluſive hope her flattering pinions ſpread,
Sprinkled her magic duſt before my eyes,
And bade, as true, the airy viſions riſe.
Each ſoft domeſtic bliſs methought was mine,
For me did cordial amity entwine

Her

Her ever-florid wreathe. O vainly blind!
Now I perceive the folly of my mind
To plan down aught in this uncertain ſtate:
Yet, who could trace the mazy ſteps of fate?
No, for me ne'er ſhall burn the nuptial fire,
No prattling infant e'er ſhall call me ſire,
While ſitting on my knee, my warm cheeks glow,
And my fond eyes with tenderneſs o'erflow.
A ſolitary being to the tomb
I muſt deſcend, ſnatcht in life's early bloom,
A ſolitary wretch, nor ſhall a tear
Of wife, or child waſh my funereal bier.
Nor when time's mellowing hand ſhall bring relief,
And lenient years have ſoothed the pangs of grief,
With pleaſing melancholy ſhall reflect
Upon my words, my actions recollect,
And keep my memory in their hearts awake
With "thus my Huſband did, our Father ſpake."

Alas!

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Alas! why flow theſe murmurs from my mind,
When fair Religion whiſpers, be reſign'd?
Reſign'd I will be, for reſign I muſt—
But till theſe limbs are mingled with the duſt,
Till my ſoul takes it's flight, and cold and dead
This corpſe is with it's brother reptiles laid,
(Nor is that time far off, with liſtleſs pain
The waſting evil creeps thro every vein)
Till I'm no more, within my faithful breaſt
The ſtamp by nature's cunning hand impreſt
Will ſtill prevail: if I were ſo inclined,
I can't forget that I'm of human kind;
Still muſt look back, and idly wiſh to ſtay,
Still muſt look forward, ſhuddering with diſmay,
Still muſt regret that I in vain was born,
And weep that I muſt ſink in early morn;
Like a young oak in all his towering pride
Scathed by the lightning on the mountain-ſide.

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What art thou Death! whose horrors can appall
The daring wicked, and the virtuous soul!
Can terrify the coward and the brave!
Fear'd by the free man, fear'd too by the slave!
If by thy aid when burning from it's clay,
The soul soars upward to perennial day,
Mixes with angels in the bleft abode,
Hymning Heaven's King, itself a Demigod;
Why doth not Nature gladly view thy face,
And yield with pleasure to thy kind embrace?
Why arm'd with an imaginary sting,
Shrinks She beneath thy overshadowing wing?
Why thanks not her deliverer from strife?
And hails thee, Death! the Harbinger of life?

Ah! why thou thinking Substance, if thy flame
From Heaven and Earth's immortal Father came,
Equal in kind, tho' not in degree,
Particle of th' eternal Deity,

Art

Art thou to this vile mould ſo cloſely tied,
In chains of ſuch ſtrict unity allied,
As if on it thou ſolely didſt depend,
It's birth thy origin, it's death thy end?
As grow it's members, thy ſenſations grow,
As flow it's juices, ſo thy ſpirits flow,
By age, or ſickneſs as it's nerves decay,
Thou ſeem'ſt to languiſh, fade, and die away.
An inmate of a cott, joyous and ſtrong
While gentle gales the ſummer hours prolong;
But when the ſtormy guſt, and wintry flaw
Pierce thro the crazy door, and roof of ſtraw,
Shivering, and cold, and ſad; confined at home,
Able, nor willing o'er the fields to roam;
And when a whirlwind's rage, or torrent's fall,
Shakes o'er thy trembling head the ruin'd wall;
O'erwhelm'd thou liſt, or by the furious ſtream
Swept clean away, like a forgotten dream.

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Ah, hold! I ſtand upon a mountain's brow,
And dark, and deep is the abyſs below;
Reaſon recoils, and upward caſts her eye
Where cherub Hope ſails thro' the azure ſky,
Tranſparent is her veſt, and from her wings
Strong-beaming rays of ſteady light She flings;
Join'd hand in hand with Faith She flys along,
Faith ever blooming, ever fair, and young,
Than fabled Hebe She more blooming far,
Her graceful head with a refplendent ſtar
Majeſtically crown'd; aloft they fly,
The lovely pair; nor can my dazzled eye
Purſue them farther, than to where it's ſight
Is overpower'd by th' effulgent light
Of heavenly radiance iſſuing from above:
Yet ſacred ſtrains of rapture and of love
Break on my ear, and the ſweet thrilling ſounds
Soothe my ſad ſoul, and eaſe her ſmarting wounds.

Help

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Help me, ye Powers! from out that foul to tear
Each mean, each groveling thought, which harbours there!
To mount on high, your ſhining track purſue,
Till Heaven unbounded burſts upon my view!
By you upborne, oh, teach me to deſpiſe
Life's real evils, and imagined joys;
Look down with pity on the human race,
Then view myſelf, and bluſh at what I was.
Oh! give me Patience! give me to enfold
The virgin in my arms, give me to hold,
Forever hold her! feaſt on each ſweet grace
Inherent in her never-frowning face;
Her ſteady eye, ne'er moved with grief, or pain,
Her roſy lips ne'er open'd to complain.
Support me, meek, firm Excellence! inſpire
Into my fainting breaſt thy paſſive fire,
Which tho depreſt, yet unextinguiſht reigns,
And mid incumbent damps it's warmth maintains.

Support

Support me while I live, and when I die,
Oh! teach me to depart without a figh!

It will not be; enthuſiaſt ſtrains away!
I feel the cumbrous load of hateful clay.
A dark, thick cloud is caſt before my ſight,
Plunged headlong down from my preſumptuous height.
Above mortality no man can go;
To do his beſt, is all that He can do.
Come on then Death! thou all-tremendous power!
Tho much I fear, I'll ſtrive to meet thy hour;
Conflict the native ſtrugglings of my breaſt,
Do what I may, and leave to Heaven the reſt.
All-juſt! all-merciful! on thee depend
Hereafter's weal and woe; God! Father! Friend!

He ceaſed; the rocks, and ſolitary pines
Never received Him in their ſhades again.
He droop'd—the ſable cloud thick veil'd his brow,
Anaxas yielded to the common lot.

No

No more was ſeen the Form which breathed around
Attractive animation: mute the tongue
Which pour'd th' harmonious lay, and ſtill the heart
Where every ſoft ſenſation dwelt inſhrined.
Yet Friendſhip to the grave his dear remains
Follow'd with unaverted face, and carved
Theſe lines, diſtinguiſhing the ſacred ſpot
From earth unſanctified, and vulgar duſt.

Stranger! whoſe wand'ring ſteps approach this tomb,
Know that here lies in the pale arms of death
The young Amyntas; gentle was his ſoul
As ſweeteſt muſic; to the charms of love
Not cold, nor to the ſocial charities
Of mild humanity; in yonder grove
He wooed the willing Muſe, Simplicity
Stood by, and ſmiled; here every night they come,
And with the Graces and the Virtues tune
The note of woe, weeping their Favourite,
Slain in the bloom, in the fair prime of life.

Would

Would He had lived!—Alas! in vain that wish
Escapes thee; never Stranger! must thou see
The Youth; He's dead! The Virtuous soonest die.

The DEATH-SONG

OF

RAGNAR LODBRACH, King of DENMARK.

RAGNAR LODBRACH flourished in the ninth century, and by his piratical expeditions (according to the custom of his countrymen) rendered himself the terror of the northern parts of Europe. After having carried on his depredations with success for many years, he was at length taken prisoner by Ella, King of Northumberland, whose coasts He had invaded, and put to death by Him, being (as was reported) cast into a dungeon full of serpents. His melancholy

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choly fate ſtimulated his Son Ivar to avenge it; and on this occaſion the famous ſtandard of the Raven is ſaid to have been embroidered by his Siſters, and conſecrated with ſuch magic rites as inſured victory to thoſe before whom it was borne. Under this ſtandard Ivar made a deſcent on the territories of Ella, fought with, vanquiſhed, and put Him to death in his turn.

The following Poem, if we may credit tradition, was compoſed by Ragnar, in his horrid place of confinement. It is apparent however that it muſt have been the work of ſome Scald or Bard, probably to do honour to to the memory of his deceaſed King, to place before the eyes of his ſubjects his heroic atchievements, and urge them, and his Son (or Sons according to the Poem itſelf) to revenge.

It is preſerved by Olaus Wormius in his book de Literaturâ Runicâ. While the frequent return of the ſame images and expreſſions ſhews the Author's unacquaintance with the nicer rules of compoſition, He exhibits a ſpecies of

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ſavage greatneſs, a fierce and wild kind of ſublimity, and a noble contempt of danger and death. If for no other reaſon, this Epiſode is valuable, as it doubtleſs affords a lively picture of the manners and ſentiments of the northern nations.

The DEATH SONG

OF

RAGNAR LODBRACH.

I.

WITH our ſword's reſiſtleſs might
We have thinn'd the ranks of fight.
In early life, his volumed train
The creſted ſerpent roll'd in vain.
Thora's charms the matchleſs prize,
Gothland ſaw my fame ariſe.
Thronging crouds the monſter ſcan,
Shouts applauſive hail me Man.

All

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All his fierceneſs prompt to try,
The ſhaggy veſtment cloath'd my thigh;
Soon tranſpierced, in death he lay,
My falchion ſmote for ſplendid pay.*

II.

In prime of youth, we ſteer our courſe
T'ward the morning's diſtant ſource.

* *From this firſt exploit (as the ſtory goes) Ragnar obtained his ſirname of Lodbrach, i. e. rough, or hairy breeches. For the King of Gothland having promiſed his daughter Thora to the man who ſhould kill a vaſt ſerpent which waſted the country, Ragnar undertook the enterprize; and dreſſing himſelf in the ſkins of beaſts, with the hairy ſide outermoſt, threw water over them, the cold, to which He purpoſely expoſed himſelf, forming round him a ſuit (as it were) of frozen armour. He met the ſerpent, whoſe teeth had no effect on this impenetrable mail, fixed him to the ground with his ſpear, and ripping him up with his ſword, tore out his heart. After the victory the King preſented him his daughter, and on account of his rough dreſs, gave him the name above mentioned, by which he was from that time diſtinguiſhed.*

Olaus Magnus relates this adventure, but ſays He fought with and killed two ſnakes. That the King had taken them when young, and bred them up as a guard for his daughter; but as they increaſed in ſize, they became a public terror, and poiſoned the country.

Such is the fabulous beginning attributed by Bards and Hiſtorians to the actions of Ragnar Lodbrach. His ſubſequent adventures ſeem however better founded, and carry no marks of fable, till we come to the laſt ſcene, when the manner of his death is as wonderful and incredible as his firſt appearance.

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Thro the vaſt Orgonic flood
Torrents run of crimſon blood.
The yellow-footed bird we feaſt,
Plenty fills the ravenous beaſt.
Our ſteel-ſtruck helms ſublime reſound,
The ſea is all one bleeding wound.
Our foes lie weltering on the ſhore,
Deep the raven wades in gore.

III.

Crown'd with twenty rolling years,
High we raiſe our glittering ſpears,
And deeds of glorious worth diſplay
Wherever ſhines the lamp of day.
The trembling Eaſt we ſtill appall,
Eight mighty chiefs at Dimen fall.
We ſcorn with mean and niggard food
To treat the generous eagle brood.
The wound it's ruddy ſweat diſtills,
The gaping ocean carnage fills.

Their

Their hoſt is ſtruck with dire diſmay,
It's ſtrength of years diſſolves away.

IV.

Copious are the deeds of death
When th' Helſingians yield their breath.
Our ſtern command the vengeful goad,
They ruſh t'ward Odin's deep abode.
The Viſtula beheld our courſe,
Our navy ſtemm'd it's rapid force;
Nought from the biting ſword could ſave,
One wound extenſive glow'd the wave:
It's ſhores the reeking current dyed,
Our falchions mock'd their armour's pride,
With echoing voices roar'd amain,
And cleft their ſtubborn ſhields in twain.

V.

No warrior droop'd, no warrior fled,
Till on the deck Heraudus bled.
A bolder Baron thro the main
Ne'er ſtrove the diſtant port to gain.

A bolder

A bolder Baron on the tide
Ne'er ſaw his ſhips of battle ride.
His heart impell'd by conſcious might,
With eager tranſport ſought the fight.

VI.

Their ſhields aſide each warrior threw:
The ſpear on rapid pinion flew;
Heroes it's deadly ſpeed confeſs,
It quiver'd in the dauntleſs breaſt.
With hunger keen the trenchant ſword
Wide the Scanian rocks engored.
His ſhield became of purple grain
E'er Rafno fell, the king of men.
Warm flow'd the ſweat from every head,
It's ſtreams o'er every cuiras ſpread.

VII.

Round th' Indirian iſles that day
The crows were ſurfeited with prey.
Inglutted ſtood the ravenous beaſt,
For full, and plenteous, was the feaſt.

All

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All fought as one, no fingle name
Claim'd the diſtinguiſh'd mark of fame.
When firſt appear'd day's flaming car
I ſaw the piercing darts of war,
The barbed arrows took their flight
When firſt he ſtreak'd the eaſt with light.

VIII.

Our ſwords loud bellow'd o'er the plain
Till Eiſlin fell on Lanco's plain.
Thence enrich'd with golden ſpoil
War to our routed foemen's ſoil
We bring: where helmets thronging the field,
The falchion cut the pictured ſhield,
Their necks deep-pierced, with maſt abound,
It flows their cloven brains around.

IX.

Drench'd in blood our ſhields we rear,
The oil of blood anoints our ſpear.
In the Boringholmian bay
Making it's quick tempeſtuous way,

The

The cloud of darts was onward borne,
Our targets were in ſunder torn.
The bows their iron ſhower expell,
In the fierce conflict Volnir fell.
No king on earth could him exceed,
In valour and heroic deed.
Wide o'er the land the ſlaughter'd lay,
The howling beaſts embraced their prey.

X.

The battle raged with heighten'd luſt,
Ere princely Freyer bit the duſt.
His breaſt-plate's golden mail of yore
The hard blue ſword, inſteep'd in gore,
Conflicting with our warrior hoſt,
Had hewn upon the Flandrian coaſt.
The virgin ſtruck with woe appears
When ſhe that morning's carnage hears;
A copious banquet we had given
To the fierce wolf, and birds of heaven.

XI. Gaſping

XI.

Gaſping in death theſe eyes ſurvey'd
An hundred times an hundred laid.
In haſte we ſail'd, a dreadful band,
To combat on Ænglane's land;
Six following days the riſing ſun
Beheld the ſtrife of ſwords begun,
And ſix ſucceeding evenings cloſe,
Till proſtrate fall our vanquiſh'd foes,
Urged by our ſteel to ſink in fight,
Valdiofur confeſs'd it's might.

XII.

The rain of blood our falchions pour,
It ſmokes on Bardafyrde's ſhore.
Doom'd to the hawks a pallid croud,
The murmuring ſtring was twang'd aloud.
Then where in Odin's deathful fight
The greedy ſword with eager bite
Devour'd the cuiraſs, there the bow,
The caſque, the morion, ſwiftly flow,

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The bow with poiſon ſharp to wound,
With ſanguine ſweat beſprinkled round.

XIII.

The ſport of war intent to try,
We rear our magic ſhields on high.
In Hiadningia's echoing bay
Firſt began th' heroic play.
The vengeful ſwords whirl'd o'er the main
Their ſtrong-knit bucklers tear in twain.
With mingled claſh our arms reſound,
The helms of men to duſt are ground.
Not with more tranſport by his ſide
The lover claſps his beauteous bride.

XIV.

The thick-raiſed ſtorm our ſhields defy;
In Northumbria's land they lye,
Their gory carcaſes beſtrew
The ſoil, and taint the morning dew.
Routed they fled with wild diſmay
Their boaſted warriors dared not ſtay,

Where

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Where the ſword with grim delight
Their helmet's poliſh'd plains would bite.
The genial bed ſuch rapture warms
Bleſt with the youthful widow's charms.

XV.

Herthioſe eſcaped our force,
And widely ſped his proſperous courſe,
Where with rude rocks againſt the ſkies
The ſouthern Orcades ariſe.
While He who gave us to diſplay,
And ſhine in victory's bright array,
Rogvald, our glory and our pride,
Compell'd by fate's ſtern mandate died.
Plunged in the ſtorm of arms He fell,
Then mourn'd the Hawks with ſhrieking yell.
For dreadful in the ſport of war,
The darts of blood He hurl'd afar;
The ſword of blood He well could wield,
The ſhatter'd helms beſtrew'd the field.

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XVI.

Heaps piled on heaps the warriors lye,
The hawk looks down with joyous eye,
The paſtime ſees, and clotted gore,
Envying the eagle, nor the boar.
Together ruſh the ſhield and ſword,
Then fell Irlandia's haughty Lord,
Marſtan; He floats in Vedra's bay,
The hungry Raven's deſtined prey.

XVII.

Amid the weapon's ſtrifeful ſcorn,
Many a Hero in the morn
Of life and glory preſs'd the plain.
My Son mature in fame was ſlain,
Ripe in renown the duſt He preſt,
The griding falchion rived his breaſt.
By Egill, dauntleſs Agner dies,
He rends his arms, the victor's prize.
In Hamdus' corſelet ſounds the lance,
Red lightnings from the ſtandards glance.

XVIII. Sparing

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XVIII.

Sparing of words, the brave I view,
Their foes they prodigally slew,
Thrown to the wolves; th' Endilian flood
For seven whole days was stain'd with blood.
So looks the wine our hand-maids bear;
Died deep th' impurpled ships appear.
The falchion raging mid th' alarms
And hoarse tumultuous din of arms,
Gash'd many a mailed cuirass bright,
In Scioldungia's fatal fight.

XIX.

I saw the widow's darling joy,
I saw the virgin's fair-hair'd boy,
Saw them in morning beauty gay,
Saw set in death their youthful ray.
Warm with many a glowing stream
Ila's ruddy billows gleam:
As by circling Nymphs supplied,
The fervid bath in copious tide,

From

From the vine's nectareous hoard
Floats around the ſocial board.
Ere Orn expired, with frequent ſtroke
I ſaw his blood-ſtain'd buckler broke;
By ſtrong neceſſity controul'd,
Inverted life forſakes the bold.

XX.

The game of ſlaughtering ſwords, we haſte
Where Lind frowns o'er the watery waſte,
With three contending Kings to try;
How few eſcape! rejoiced to fly!
The wild beaſts gnarring throng the ſtrand,
The hawk and wolf commingled ſtand,
Tear them with goading hunger's fire,
Nor till with carnage cramm'd, retire.
While fierce we ſmote, th' Hybernian's blood
With copious torrents ſwell'd the flood.

XXI.

The ſteel's ſharp fang, and bite ſevere
The buckler proved; the whizzing ſpear

Speeding

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Speeding to it's direction true,
The breaſt-plate chafed of golden hue.
Onlugs will mark for many an age
The traces of that battle's rage.
There march'd the Kings with eager feet
Intent the ſport of ſwords to meet.
The crimſon'd iſle on all it's coaſt
Saw the red foaming billows toſt.
Ar from the deſperate fight rebounds,
A flying dragon full of wounds.

XXII.

The brave with ardour yield their breath,
Nor heed the ſure approach of death;
The thought of death their boſom warms,
They meet it in the ſtorm of arms;
He oft deplores this fickle ſtate,
Who never dared the frowns of fate.
Lured by the cheek of pallid fear
The joyful eagle hovers near.

The

The coward to himſelf a peſt,
Forbids the ſhield to guard his breaſt.

XXIII.

This I eſtabliſh juſt and right,
That hurrying on to cloſeſt fight,
Youth againſt youth, with fervent heat
Should ruſh, nor man from man retreat.
Long time was this the Hero's pride;
And all who by the virgin's ſide
Aſpire to lye, and taſte her charms,
Should nobly ſtem the roar of arms.

XXIV.

Doubtleſs the fates our actions lead,
Beyond their limits none can tread.
Little of yore did I foreſee,
That Ella would my death decree;
When half-expiring with my wound,
Anxious I threw my garb around;
Conceal'd it from the warrior train,
And launch'd my veſſels on the main:

Then

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Then over all the Scotian flood
We gave the beasts of prey their food.

XXV.

Hence springing in my thoughtful mind,
A never-failing joy I find;
For well I know, superbly graced,
For me the lofty seat is placed,
For me the generous mead shall foam
In father Balder's festal dome;
From goblets pour'd it's copious tide
By skulls of recreant foes supplied.
The brave shall ne'er lament their death
In Odin's splendid courts beneath.
No clamours vain I thither bear,
No sickly murmurs of despair.

XXVI.

Aslauga's Sons would soon draw nigh,
With utmost swiftness hither fly,
And arm'd with falchions gleaming bright
Prepare the bitter deeds of fight,

If told, or could they but divine
What woe, what dire miſchance is mine,
How many ſerpents round me hang,
And tear my fleſh with poiſonous fang.
A mother to my ſons I gave
With native worth who ſtamp'd them brave.

XXVII.

Faſt to th' hereditary end,
To my allotted goal I tend.
Fixt is the viper's mortal harm;
Within my heart, his manſion warm,
In the receſſes of my breaſt
The writhing ſnake hath form'd his neſt.
Yet Odin may in vengeance ſpread
The bloody ſcourge o'er Ella's head;
My Son's fierce anger, at the tale,
Shall change to red, from deadly pale.
The fiery youths, at my deceaſe,
Shall ſtarting ſhun the ſeat of peace.

XXVIII. Full

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XXVIII.

Full fifty times I trod the field,
My ſtandard rear'd, and poiſed my ſhield,
War's willing gueſt; nor deem'd the force
Of human hand would check my courſe,
Panting to gain a matchleſs name,
And ſoar o'er every King in fame;
For well in earlieſt years I taught
My ſword to drink the crimſon draught.
The Siſters now my ſteps invite;
Unmoved I quit the realms of light.

XXIX.

Warn'd from within—break off the lay!
Th' inviting Siſters chide my ſtay.
By Odin ſent, I hear their call,
They bid me to his feſtal hall.
With them high-thron'd, the circling bowl
Of foaming mead ſhall cheer my ſoul.
With joy I yield my vital breath,
And laugh in the laſt pangs of death.

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ODE.

ENVY.

I.

WHEN in Creation's early morn
Merit, Virtue's child was born,
Malevolence and bloated Pride
With hoſtile frown her beauties ſpied.
In a darkling glen where grew
No other tree but noxious yew,
No trace was mark'd of cheerful green,
They by fated union led,
Preſs'd their baneful nuptial bed,
And Envy roſe to light, their progeny obſcene.

II.

Her birth the Furies hail; with joy
For her their utmoſt cares employ;
O'er her limbs, and on her head
Stygian venom copious ſhed,

Give

Give her blood-drencht robes to wear,
Steel her heart to pity's tear,
Arm her tongue with falſhood's ſtings,
(Muttering ſpells) imbue her breath
With vapours from the cave of death,
Plume with revenge her creſt, with terror imp her wings.

III.

Forth She flies with direful rage,
Immortal war prepared to wage
Where'er with wreathe celeſtial crown'd,
Haply Merit may be found.
Nature views her courſe, aghaſt,
Sudden ſtruck with ſickening blaſt
The verdant plants, and blooming flowers
Their heads decline, the fruits decay,
The feather'd ſongſters ceaſe their lay,
And glory's laurels ſhrink, and beauty's roſeate bowers.

IV.

Offspring of Heaven's dread King alone,
Firm aſſeſſor of his throne,

Truth

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Truth the ſpreading ruin ſpies,
Glowing with indignant eyes,
In radiant panoply draws near,
In her hands the ſhield and ſpear
Gift of all-o'er-ruling Jove,
When She firſt aſſay'd her might
In the fierce Titanic fight,
And down to loweſt hell the baſe Pretenders drove.

V.

She o'er Merit lifts her ſhield;
Yield thou Fiend! O Envy yield!
Pierced She falls, again to riſe,
Rancorous Envy never dies.
Truth diſclaims her warrior art,
But implants in Merit's heart
(Breathing fortitude divine)
Conſcious Honour; undiſmay'd
Stands the ſelf-protected maid,
Thro all her frame within, unclouded glories ſhine.

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VI.

To Greece my varying notes belong,
Exhauſtleſs fount of ſacred ſong.
Transfixt by Phœbus' orient beam
Tho Python fell by Nilus' ſtream;
In Lerne's marſh the Hydra ſtood,
Till by Alcides' might ſubdued;
Yet then ſurvived her latent power:
'Twas Envy's poiſon'd garb he wore
Diſtain'd with Neſſus' fabled gore,
Which with ſevereſt pangs o'erwhelm'd his dying hour.

VII.

But genuine Worth, each toil o'erpaſt,
Will gain th' Olympian dome at laſt,
Whoſe path thro life with thick-wove cloud
The miſts of black Avernus ſhroud:
Till Time aſſiſts deſpairing Truth,
And weds him to unfading youth,
To Fame, which lovelier blooms by years,

The

The Hebe ſhe, in bleſt abodes
Who pours forth nectar for the Gods,
And to their raptured lips the ſparkling goblet bears.

VIII.

Periſh the Slaves! whom no deſire
Of her unrivall'd charms can fire.
Whom Envy's threatening voice diſmays
Far from the haunts which lead to praiſe.
Whom Calumny forbids to riſe,
Who dare not view the diſtant ſkies.
Who abject, on life's tranſient day
For all their ſum of good rely,
Flattery's vain breath, gold's vainer ray,
The gawds of futile pomp, and nauſeous pageantry.

IX.

Had not untired, th' heroic ſoul
With Envy ſtruggling reach'd the goal,
No Bard had tuned the deathleſs ſtrain,
No Patriot cruſh'd a Tyrant's reign,

By

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By wiſdom taught, with generous mind
No Sage had civilized mankind;
Blank lethargy had ſtill prevail'd,
If piercing not beyond the tomb
The ſtedfaſt ſight of Hope had fail'd
To view Renown's pure orb irradiating the gloom.

ODE TO CONTENT.

I.

WHERE ſtands, Content! thy manſion pure?
The gaudy ſcenes of power,
Tho ſtrew'd with many a flower
Her paths th' unwary gueſt allure,
Odious to thee appear,
Thou ſeeſt the viper lurking there.

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II.

'Tis thine with grateful look to view
Young morning's bluſhing cheek,
Then quit thy pallat meek
And range the lawn impearl'd with dew:
Or from the ſwelling mound
Survey the verdant landſcape round.

III.

Health t'ward thee comes, and ſmiling greets
Her beſt, her favourite child;
While Innocence ſtrays wild,
Intent to cull the verdant ſweets,
A beauteous wreathe to twine,
And deck thy placid brow divine.

IV.

O Nymph ſerene, where'er I rove,
Do Thou above my head
Thy hand propitious ſpread!
So care, and ſullen grief ſhall prove
Too powerleſs to annoy,
Nor blaſt the waving creſt of joy.

V. So,

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V.

So, tho by wayward fortune driven
To mingle with the train
Fantaſtic, baſe, and vain,
Thou ſhalt be near, Elect of Heaven!
To ſoothe life's pointed ſting,
And ſhield me with thy peaceful wing.

ODE TO VENGEANCE.

I.

O Sprung from Heaven's immortal Sire!
From whoſe ſtern eye the living fire
Darts thrillant horror, when thy hand
Hurls the dread bolt at his command;
Whoſe plagues transfix the guilty crew,
Whom mid the ſecret haunts of night,
Or flying on with wild affright,
Thy eager ſteps purſue.

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II.

Tho better pleaſed, majeſtic Queen!
To ſit with aweful brow ſerene,
To ſit, and bend thy liſtening ear
To Innocence, thy loved Compeer;
Or round her trembling form to ſpread
Thy plumed wing, upon thy breaſt
To bid her lull her fears to reſt,
And lay her ſacred head.

III.

Conſcious of thee, when all alone,
Or ſeated on his ſplendid throne,
The Tyrant's cheek grows pale: He hears
A nation's groan invade his ears;
Th' ideal dagger He eſpies,
With thick ſhort gaſp He draws his breath,
And knowing He deſerves his death,
Each hour, in fancy, dies.

IV. Say,

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IV.

Say, haſt Thou left th' ethereal height?
I ſee thee thro the clouds of night,
Beneath the yew tree's mournful gloom
Hanging o'er yonder new-raiſed tomb,
Attentive to the Father's prayer,
Who there laments th' ill-fated maid
By oaths of perjured luſt betray'd,
A victim to deſpair.

V.

He calls on Thee; Oh! ſteel his nerves!
Only thy potent aid preſerves
Him too from death. Bring face to face
Him, and the cauſe of his diſgrace!
Oh! give him force, or righteous art!
Give, what the partial law denies,
Ere He of grief, or frenzy dies,
To ſtab th' Aſſaſſin's heart!

VI. To

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VI.

To thee the Generous and the Good
Yield homage; precious is the food
By thee to the great ſoul ſupplied,
When pondering deep with virtuous pride
O'er heart-felt wrongs, his innate worth
No ſigh affords; but on his prey
From the dark den, at cloſe of day
The Lion ruſhes forth.

VII.

Tremble, ye Baſe! affect to ſcorn
The man with nobler paſſions born,
Who drinks not of your bigot draught.
But know, that while with juſtice fraught
He dares excite the black-wing'd ſtorm,
Know, that the mean-ſoul'd injuries
He dares with vigour to chaſtiſe,
He never dares perform.

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O D E.

The DEATH of HAROLD.

FLY, ye Baſe, at William's call!
Abject ſeek his crouded hall!
Thyra weeps her Harold ſlain,
Who with Thyra dares remain?
Beauteous Editha is there,
With neck of ſwan, and raven hair,
Mangled by the ſpear and ſword
Well She knew her much-loved Lord.
Stripp'd amid the vulgar crew
She her much-lov'd Harold knew.
Waltham ſees his tomb ariſe,
Waltham marks her echoing ſighs.
Down her cheeks the pearly tear
Drops from ſorrow's ſpring ſincere.

Who

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Who with her will mourn the ſlain?
Who with miſery dares remain?

Near her, generous Algar ſtands,
He deteſts the ſelfiſh bands,
Slaves, who when misfortune lowers,
Fly to pleaſure's roſy bowers.
Minſtrel He, of liberal ſoul
Oft had taſted Harold's bowl;
In the Abbey's darkling cells
Now with her and Thyra dwells.
Pour thy praiſes on his herſe!
Pour for him th' emphatic verſe!
Let the ſtrain of muſic flow,
Soothe a Wife's, a Mother's woe!
O'er the harp his fingers ſtray,
Thus the Bard attunes his lay.

While the Sun enthroned on high,
Matchleſs ruler of the ſky,

Shakes

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Shakes his radiant locks unbound,
Darting ſtreams of brightneſs round;
While the pureſt rays are ſhed
On our Harold's ſacred head;
While beneath his feet ariſe
Flowerets of a thouſand dies;
While the laurel ſhades his brow,
While his willing ſubjects bow,
Proud his mandates to obey,
Freedom join'd with kingly ſway.
Why thoſe miſts of pitchy night
Rolling horrid to my ſight?
Why with dreadful force upſprings
The gloomy ſtorm on Dragon wings?
From yonder coaſt the clouds aſcend!
Hither! hither! lo! they bend!
Wreathe involving wreathe, they ſweep
Aweful o'er the groaning deep.
Wide-diſcloſed, at once, their womb——
Navies, numerous navies come!

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Fraught with war, with fury dire,
Treachery close, and raging ire.
Shouts, and clashing arms I hear,
Shrilling trumpets pierce my ear.
Lances bristling thick I view,
Swords, and bows of toughest yew.
Warriors famed for proweſt deeds,
Spear-men bold, and fiery steeds.
Fierce with hope, with grasping mind,
Europe's various realms combined
Speed their Legions o'er the sea,
This devoted Isle their prey.
Who directs the battle's tide?
Norman William's lawless pride.
Oh! holy Father, could'ſt Thou see
How ill his thoughts and words agree,
His murmuring conscience could'ſt Thou hear,
Did his treason dark appear,
Thy standard would not there unfold
It's consecrated web of gold;

Nor

Nor would thy plains, O Suſſex! feel
His horſes' hoofs, and ponderous ſteel.

Haſte, Harold! wherefore this delay?
Again to conteſt urge thy way!
From the fields of battle haſte,
With Norweïan trophies graced.
From York's high towers, and Derwent's flood,
Streaming warm with Daniſh blood.
Where ſunk the fair-hair'd King in night,
And vengeful Toſto's rebel might.
He comes, prepared the ſtorm to meet,
With glowing boſom, eager feet,
His limbs by new-born victory dreſt,
On his helm her eagle creſt,
Wondering Hoſts behold him move,
Striking terror, claiming love.

Prepare! the feaſt of mirth prepare!
Their's be it's joys who bravely dare!

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Waken muſic's ſprightly ſound,
Puſh the ſparkling flagon round;
'Tis our nuptial feaſt we ſpread,
Death, or Glory, bound to wed.

With the morn his armour ſhines,
Glittering thro the cloſing lines.
Who, my Prince! thy words can trace,
Their rapid ardour, native grace?
Thy exalted mien to paint
All the powers of ſong are faint.
I beheld the glances fly,
Th' enkindling tranſports of his eye.
I beheld the beams which play'd,
Beams of glory, round his head.
On him we fix'd our raptured ſight,
And trod the crimſon paths of fight.

Who thy actions can record?
Who thy ſlaughter-dealing ſword?

Who,

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Who, my Prince! thy blood-ſtain'd courſe?
Who thy unexampled force?
Who thy Heroes firm and ſtrong?
Wither'd are the powers of ſong.

Met they cowards on the plain?
The Prime of Europe ſtrove in vain.
Pierced with many a mortal wound,
Bathed in gore they ſtrew'd the ground.
Wedged ſecure on every ſide,
Who our Phalanx can divide?
William's cheeks are pale with fear,
The froſty enſigns of deſpair.

Fiends of Hell! by your decree,
Wild, fictitious rout I ſee.
Fiends of Hell! your arts ſupplied
What valour's utmoſt toil denied.

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Whoſe banner waves on yonder hill!
His ſhouts ariſe, intrepid ſtill;
Round him throng th' unvanquiſht bands,
For there, intrepid, Harold ſtands.
His look, his voice, with warm deſire
The daſtard's boſom might inſpire
The flaming falchion high to wield,
And litigate th' uncertain field.

The Norman trembles thus to view
The cloud diſtent with ſanguine dew,
The tempeſt fraught with death He dreads,
Terrific gathering o'er their heads.
I ſaw the barbed arrows fly
Innumerous thro the darken'd ſky,
The cloſer war He dared not wage,
Nor tempt again the Lion's rage.

Curſt be the Bender of the bow
Which laid undaunted Harold low!

And

And curſt the ſhaft athirſt for blood
Which ſlew the young, the brave, the good!
With him I ſaw, extinct her fire,
Deep-wounded, Liberty expire.
I ſaw th' Uſurper's rigid ſmile,
Elate He ſeized the proſtrate Iſle,
His ſweepy mace oppreſſion bore,
And Slavery clank'd her chains before.

Fly ye Baſe! attend his call!
Abject ſeek his crouded hall!
Be it mine to weep the ſlain,
Mine with miſery to remain,
Bid th' harmonious numbers flow,
And ſoothe a wife's, a mother's woe.

ODE,

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O D E.

I.

YE Hours, on whom the balmy wing
Of Zephyr, thro the vales of Spring
Sheds all his freſheſt dews,
Whom light fantaſtic joys entrance,
As thro the flowery paths ye dance
Which Health with rapture ſtrews!

II.

And Thou, o'er whoſe warm cheek is ſpread
Th' ethereal bluſh of orient red,
The Graces' ſoft attire,
In which, while wondering at the die,
He ſtands with fixt attentive eye,
Is fetter'd young Deſire!

III. Ah!

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III.

Ah! muſt I ne'er again behold
Your true, but ſhort-lived age of gold?
Ne'er mingle with your train?
No; Fate's inſuperable mound
Incloſes that forbidden ground;
The wiſh, the wiſh, is vain.

IV.

Yet oft in Fancy's ſoothing dream,
Oft floating back on Memory's ſtream
My charmed mind ſhall rove;
Shall viſit every myrtle bower,
And pluck each bright ambroſial flower
Of Innocence and Love.

V.

Ah! wherefore did not then appear
Your pleaſures as they really were?
I ſaw, but did not taſte.

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Poſſeſs'd, unconſcious of the joy,
Subſtantial bliſs; yet ſought a toy,
A glittering bubble chaced.

VI.

'Tis Nature's law: She o'er that time,
Life's dear, delicious, early prime,
Her cloudy vapours caſts;
E'en then the gales of diſcontent
Within the Stripling's boſom pent,
Denounce the future blaſts.

VII.

He ſtoops reluctant to controul,
He longs to reach the diſtant goal,
And paths untried to ſcan;
The Maſter's threat aſſails his ear,
He dreads the laſh, He drops the tear,
His thoughts aſpire to Man.

VIII.

Ah ſelf-deceived! thy prayer attain——
Lo, Youth and Love united reign!

In

In idly-froward mood
Stills pants thy unexperienced breaſt?
It ſighs for objects unpoſſeſt,
Nor heeds the preſent good.

IX.

Thou haſt not felt the ills of life;
Envy, ingratitude, and ſtrife
Have never pierced thy heart;
When felt, how wilt Thou with with me
Thoſe genial days again to ſee,
Which now unprized depart!

X.

Yet ſay, which moſt will Reaſon blame,
Thy thoughts which vivid hopes inflame
Expecting joys to come?
Or mine, with vain regret o'ercaſt,
Still fondly looking t'ward the paſt;
And both, exiled from home?

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XI.

The voice of Reaſon ſhall excuſe,
So ſhall the free ingenuous Muſe;
We each our parts fulfill.
That Thou the preſent ſhould'ſt neglect,
And I unſatisfied reflect,
Is Fate's eternal will.

XII.

Beneath the veil we dare not pry,
Man ſtrives to pierce with aching eye
The myſteries of her reign;
For weak and bounded is his ſight,
And while the total plan is right,
'Twere impious to complain.

XIII.

Too ſoon the viſion will decay,
The thin-wove Phantoms ceaſe to play,
A tranſient form they wear,

Till

Till by ſome buſy Demon hurl'd
They ſink; and I behold the world,
Awake to all it's care.

XIV.

Yes, let me quick the paths retread,
In waving circlets ſkim the mead,
Or chace the gilded fly;
The feather in the rivulet throw,
Or view the many-coloured bow
With pleaſure in my eye.

XV.

And let me oft the time retrace
When firſt alive to female grace
My ſoul confeſs'd it's charm;
And let me feel th' extatic fire,
And let me to the new-deſire
Expand my boſom warm.

XVI.

And let me trifle while I can;
How trifling at the beſt is man?

And

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And let me frame the rhime;
Whether we grieve, or think, or play,
Life is the fragment of a day,
A momentary time.

To Mr. JACKSON.

AS long as tender ſentiment ſhall pleaſe,
And warm expreſſion captivate the mind,
As long as native beauties, genuine eaſe
Shall with the nicer few acceptance find:

While taſte ſhall live in ſpite of ſavage art,
And tyrant cuſtom's ſupercilious ſway,
While Genius ſhall inſpire the human heart
By affectation vile untaught to ſtray:

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So long the Muſe, her ſtrains impaſſion'd freed
By Jackſon's magic touch from baſe controul,
Shall melt with love, cauſe pity's boſom bleed,
And with redoubled force invade the ſoul.

Who through the mazy labyrinth of ſound
Hath walk'd before with chaſte untainted ear!
Return'd in ſafety from th' enchanted ground,
Unwarp'd by vanity, uncheck'd by fear?

'Tis thine mid harmony's extenſive reign
To cull each ſoft, each energetic tone,
Each note unſullied by the vulgar train,
Which Nature whiſpers in thy ear alone.

'Tis thine ſimplicity's much-boaſted grace
Truely to feel, to ſcorn the praiſe of fools,
Who view with rapture the diſtorted face,
Strangers to modeſt ſenſe and all her rules.

'Tis

'Tis thine unbiaſt by a tranſient fame,
Not ſtupid wonder, but the heart's applauſe
Nobly to claim, by this t'exalt thy name,
While reaſon, paſſion, truth, aſſert thy cauſe.

ODE to Mr. CODRINGTON,

With the SECOND BOOK of INFANCY.

I.

THIS verſe, O Codrington, be thine!
For when doubt's ſhadowy train
With implicated twine
Held the pale Muſe, who ſcarce preſumed again
T' unfold her venturous wing,
And thro the trackleſs ether ſpring:

Her

II.

Her languid head thy accents raiſed,
And fleeting hope replaced,
Pointing where Truth well-pleaſed,
Humanity enchanting Maid, and Taſte
Of ſoul enlighten'd, ſtood,
And Elegance, and public Good.

III.

Could Friendſhip's partial eye betray?
She ſaw not cold neglect
Her robe of froſt diſplay,
Nor thought the plants her ſmiles with verdure deck'd,
Each warmly-cheriſht flower,
Would ſhrink beneath the wintry power.

IV.

But whether the Pierian ſtream
Is dried by waſting time,
Or Nature's modeſt beam
Ceaſes to charm our glare-bedazzled clime,

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Or led by fond deſire
I write, nor feel the genuine fire:

V.

Whate'er the cauſe, no plenteous dew
Fame ſheds around my brow;
Yet, to th' applauſive Few
Scorning the many-headed tribe, I bow,
For them I ſeek once more
The bleak, unprofitable ſhore,

VI.

There are, my Friend, diſhoneſt arts,
To which Earth's ſordid Race
Stoop their inſenſate hearts;
But Merit will not thus it's birth debaſe,
Or impiouſly inclined,
Renounce the God within the mind.

ODE,

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O D E,

On reading Mr. HOLE's *Arthur*, or *The Northern Enchantment*.

I.

I Hate the ſtreams which ſmoothly glide
In channel trim, with meaſured tide,
Whoſe ſhapely banks forever neat
The grot adorns, or moſſy ſeat,
While the calm waters as they creep
Lull the poetic mind to ſleep,
Or where, if vagrant *Fancy* deigns
Ever to walk, She walks in chains.

II.

No, rather eager let me haſte
Enthuſiaſtic Maid! to taſte
Of thy beloved, deceptive rills,
Which high among the *Gothic* hills
Forth from the well of fiction ſpring,
And thence their mingled currents fling

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O'er rocks whoſe heads are wreath'd with ſnow,
And thro romantic vales below.

III.

Th' inſpiring draught my ſoul pervades,
I range thro long-deſerted glades:
With *Hole*, companion of my way,
Thro ſcenes, where *Spenſer* loved to ſtray,
O'er the wild heath, or trembling ſod,
Which *Arioſto* whilom trod;
Where the free Muſe with native charms
Her Votary's panting boſom warms.

IV.

With Him, my keen undazzled ſight
Shall trace *Conagra*'s ſtormy height;
There the *Gigantic Siſters* view,
Their gore-drencht robes of ruſſet hue;
Behold them gird the mountain round,
Uttering their dire, terrific ſound,
Exciting the loud thunder's roar,
Stirring the ſea from ſhore to ſhore.

V. Now

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V.

Now ſee the *Magic Towers* ariſe,
And *Urda* wrapt in dark diſguiſe,
And *Hengiſt* ruſhing to the fight,
And *Arthur*'s fierce indignant might;
The dreary Spectres, ſhrieking fell,
Harpies, the progeny of hell,
Each Shade obſcene which wants a name,
The Moat which burns with ſulphurous flame.

VI.

Now *Odin*'s regal form behold,
His beaming arms, and throne of gold,
The vivid lightnings round him play,
His potent voice forbids diſmay.
Sudden the *runic rhyme* I hear,
And orgies of th' enfrenzied Seer,
His ſtrains prophetic nerve the ſoul.
The tides of war tumultuous roll.

VII.

Rapt to *Biarmia*'s freezing ſkies
What new, portentous viſions riſe!

Valdandi,

Valdandi, *Skulda*, burſt the ground,
The icy pillars tremble round.
In Arthur's ſhape, and burniſht mail,
Aloft, impetuous on the gale,
The *cloud-form'd car* their Hero bears,
His boſom every terror dares.

VIII.

What *beauteous Maid*, in pureſt white,
Now ſteals upon my raviſht ſight!
Her brow with golden wreathe entwined,
Her treſſes floating on the wind;
'Tis *Inogen*——with joy and love
Reſound the bowers, and vocal grove,
Ambroſial bloſſoms deck each ſpray,
The ſtreams o'er lucid marble play.

IX.

Deaf to the tones of modern art,
To ſong like this I ope my heart;
And tho abſtracted from the Muſe,
Cannot the Lyric Note refuſe,

For

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For as I read, th' enchantment thrills,
And every ſenſe with pleaſure fills;
Or in attention fixt I ſtand,
As ſtruck by *Merlin*'s powerful wand.

O D E

To Lieut. Col. S I M C O E.

I.

THO hovering o'er the fatal plains
Where Civil Slaughter grimly reigns,
Her face celeſtial, Glory ſhrouds,
Wrapt in a veil of circling clouds:
Yet Simcoe! in her airy flight
Piercing the gloom with eye benign,
On thee She beam'd a ray of light
Gilding the laurel which around
Thy youthful forehead Valour bound;
And darted thro thy breaſt her energy divine.

II. Tho

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II.

Tho with the claſſic ſtory fired,
Not ſuch the fields thy ſoul deſired;
Not ſuch the Grecian ſtandard ſhone
With patriot blaze at Marathon;
Not thus Platæa's trophies roſe
Bright-dazzling to remoteſt times;
Tho deſtined with fraternal foes
Neceſſity's dire war to wage,
While kindred boſoms, mutual rage,
And wrathful Heaven impell'd, in vengeance for our crimes.

III.

Tho Britain ſunk an helpleſs prey
To Diſcord's mean and ſelfiſh ſway,
Which quench'd with indecorous ſtrife
The foſtering breath of public life;
Mid ſcenes where active warmth was chain'd,
Th' unſteady line where error drew,
Where indolence the ſword reſtrain'd,

And

And counſels weak invited flame;
Applauſive Honour hail'd thy name,
And Juſtice liſtening ſtood, and own'd her praiſes true.

IV.

For thine was Bravery's nervous deed,
And enterprize with fiery ſpeed:
By unimpaſſion'd calmneſs taught,
Nor ſtain'd by one ferocious thought.
America beheld with awe
Thy march for rapid fight deſign'd,
Eluding e'en her vaunted art;
Yet, could eſteem thy liberal heart,
And victory's proudeſt gem, thy warmly-feeling mind.

V.

Had'ſt thou in Britain's vigorous morn
To wars of other climes been born,
When Marlborough with reſiſtleſs force
Sped t'ward th', affrighted Seine his courſe;
Or in her noon-day hour elate,
When Ferdinand with conſcious might
Held at his will the Gallic fate;

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Thy garlands might have bloom'd more fair
Cheriſht by th' uninvidious air,
But not in reaſon's eye, and fixt impartial ſight.

VI.

While from her pure unruffled ſeat
Paſſion and prejudice retreat;
The Bard, who ſhuddering heard th' alarms
When firſt th' Atlantic gleam'd with arms,
With horror ſaw the madd'ning Croud,
Indignant heard their clamorous ſound
The ſword coercive urging loud,
Can military worth ſurvey,
And dare diſtinguiſh in his lay,
Nor ſhuns, ſelecting thee, the blood-impurpled ground.

VII.

The Son of peace ſhall pour for thee
His numbers: but, from warfare free
Hold not Thou dalliance with the Muſe,
Her tempting blandiſhments refuſe.
Nor ſit in eaſe or languor down

Where

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Where towers the beech or oak on high;
On Fancy's wreathe inſidious, frown,
Contemning Party's abject train
The Senate's dome aſpire to gain,
And watchful o'er the ſtate, each inbred peſt defy.

VIII.

Thoſe magic arms again be ſought
Which erſt thy admiration caught!
Thoſe arms, which, like a pointed ſpear,
Æmathia's Tyrant ſtruck with fear;
Thoſe arms, which Anthony diſmay'd,
Than the bright falchion's edge more keen,
Thus, bold Prerogative invade,
The Democratic hoſt oppoſe,
And banded Great, if freedom's foes
Beneath the mimic maſk they hope to ſkulk unſeen.

IX.

Thus, while tumultuous Factions ſtrive,
May patriot ardour ſtill ſurvive!

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The ſcepter'd laws alone command,
Their power unviolated ſtand!
May Liberty and generous Fame
No ſordid ſhackles e'er controul,
Eſſential Beings, not a name.
Oh! may a civic crown be thine!
It's luſtre undiminiſht ſhine!
And thy own thoughts approve thy independent ſoul.

X.

So, worſhipt from thy early youth,
Integrity and ſpotleſs Truth
Shall mark thy firm conſiſtent plan,
And more than Hero, ſtamp thee Man.
When fades war's emulative fire,
With ſtrong enthuſiaſtic glow,
With all the fervour of deſire
Thy country viewing, may thy mind
No ſad reverſe of paſſion find,
Nor for ideal good, the ſolid bliſs forego.

ODE

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ODE TO LORD HOOD. 1783.

I.

WHILE with undaunted ſoul, afar
The Hero meets the ſtorm of war,
While braving it's terrific bands,
His native coaſt unſhaken ſtands:
Shall not, beneath the myrtle bowers
Where Leiſure ſheds her balmy ſhowers,
Science and Eloquence combine
The wreathe of fragrant praiſe to twine?
Shall not the Muſes tune their ſweeteſt ſong?
And Gratitude with joy the choral notes prolong?

II.

Nor Thou, O Hood! diſdain the lyre,
Enkindler of the Poet's fire.
When Greece beheld in days of old
Crown'd with ſucceſs her warriors bold,

When

When Rome with gladſome ſhouts ſurvey'd
Her Sons in victory array'd,
Surpaſſing every trophy won
The golden verſe ſmooth-poliſht ſhone.
The ſplendid triumph moved ungraced and vain,
If Rapture prompted not the warm enthuſiaſt ſtrain.

III.

Nor ſhall th' harmonious meed of fame
On thee, corrival of their name,
Be unbeſtow'd. For liberal choice,
Not party's intereſted voice
The Bard directs; who ſcorns to wreſt
The plumage from another's creſt
T' embelliſh thine; nor t'ward the goal
Of glory, opening to thy ſoul,
Would ſo depreſs thy own elaſtic force,
Impede thy vigorous aim, and free unſullied courſe.

IV.

Theſe boaſt perchance impetuous might,
And Thoſe, conſummate ſkill in fight;

In

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In both tranſcendent, where around
Yon waving ſweets o'erſhade the ground,
Where high yon verdant palms ariſe,
Bending on thee his conſcious eyes,
The Antillean Genius ſmiles,
And owns, amid his cluſtering iſles,
No Chief ſuperior conduct e'er diſplay'd,
Or adverſe hoſts arranged with braver deeds diſmay'd.

V.

While on her cheeks the bluſh is ſpread,
While low ſhe ſtoops her baffled head,
To thee, reluctant Gallia pays
The tribute of extorted praiſe.
Deſtined her numbers to deride,
At will to paſs, repaſs the tide,
Securely gain the ſheltering bay,
Securely croſs the liquid way,
Check her ambitious wings, her hopes repell,
And arm'd in ſure defence her dreams of empire quell.

VI. When

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VI.

When changed from friends, to bitterest foes,
Britannia's progeny arose,
When Belgia, when Iberia lower'd,
When France her force collected pour'd,
When all the Naval World conspired
By Russia's treacherous counsels fired,
When Faction on her vitals prey'd,
To thee thy Country look'd for aid;
Nor didst thou fail, in her afflicted hour,
To prove, with guardian arm, th' extent of human power.

VII.

Envy may strive to wound thy heart,
But blunted is her venom'd dart,
Which takes its ineffectual flight
Opposed by Virtue's armour bright.
Oh! listening to her voice divine,
Upon the lap of peace recline,
Whose olive ne'er so rich is seen
As when adorned with laurels green;

There,

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There, by reflection bleſt, without alloy,
Each merited reward, each juſt acclaim enjoy.

VIII.

Tranſmitting to thy Race, (above
All titles, all a Monarch's love,
Whatever wealth or power can boaſt,
Or earth-born grandeur values moſt,)
Pure honour, valour's ardent flame,
And the true Patriot's real name.
While Hiſtory's pen, from age to age,
Recording in her ſacred page
The laſt of Britons, thy renown ſhall ſave,
Among th' illuſtrious few, from cold oblivion's grave.

IX.

And e'en the Land, which ſaw with fear
Thy ſails, and crimſon flag appear,
Which ſtruggling with her Parent State
Hath but obey'd the will of fate:
Shall point thee out to future times,
When iſſuing from unwonted climes,

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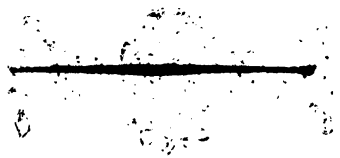
New Fleets ſhall throng th' Atlantic plain,
Comtemning Europe's old domain;
Shall bid her Heroes thy example ſee,
Form the ſagacious plan, and rule the war, like Thee.

THE

THE

LAND OF THE MUSES.

A POEM in the Manner of SPENSER.



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THE LAND OF THE MUSES.

A POEM in the Manner of SPENSER.

As if to be inſerted in the Second Book of the FAIRY QUEEN, between the Eleventh and Twelfth Cantos.

ARGUMENT.

The Prince *nigh cured of mortal ſoweri,*
Alma *to entertain,*
Shows him Dan Phœbus' *magick bowre,*
Where the Nine Ladies *reign.*

I.

FOOLS they who vainly ween that *Temperaunce*
Her joyous ſweet amenities denies
To human kind, or looks with ſight aſcaunce
Whan they with liberal delights deviſe
Their ears to feed, or gratify their eyes;
Nothing ſhe bids witholden that behoves
Him to enſue, who nould be dempt unwiſe;
All ſports, and rational pleaſaunce ſhe loves,
But hateth idle *Luſt* who ay at random roves.

II. When

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II.

When as the *Prince*, by faireſt *Alma*'s care,
Was nigh recured of his woundez ſore,
Which he in hardy conflict had while-e'er
Endur'd, as gainſt thilke felon arms he bare,
But him ſubdued withouten ſword or ſpear;
As prudent Leaches all in this agree,
That mind and body are conjoined near,
Ne one without the other can be free,
She bent her thought to keep his mind in goodly gree.

III.

So ſeated by his ſide, unto his ear
She framed her diſcourſe in words moſt meet,
At times of cheviſaunce and warlike geer,
And warrior knights who underneath their feet
Did trample death, immortal fame to greet;
Tho ſagely would ſhe change her talk, and ply
His liſt'ning ſenſe, with ſpeech ſo honey'd ſweet
And moral thews of wiſe philoſophy,
That he was rapt, and inly raviſhed thereby.

IV. And

IV.

And ever and anon wou'd *Praiſe-Deſire*
Open her rubin lips, and featly ſing
Her penſive notes, but ſuch as mought inſpire
Calm moods of tranquil ſtedfaſtneſs, and bring
To trueſt teſt, and juſteſt tempering;
Ye would have ſworn one of the heav'nly throng,
Was ſlid to earth upon melodious wing,
Sich ſilver ſounds weft the mild air along,
And ſich the blandiſhment of her ſlow-ditted ſong.

V.

And eke *Shamefacedneſs* with mellow lute,
Her ſtrains harmonious accompanied;
For ſhe her inſtrument full well could ſuit,
Ne wanted in well-doing comely pride.
The Prince his ſecret pleaſure ne mought hide,
But ſmit with love of glorious empriſe,
Felt his ſpright mov'd paſt utterance, and ſigh'd;
The living fire flaſht from his gazing eyes,
And drench'd in bliſs unknown to vulgar ſoul he lies.

VI. That

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VI.

It chaunced out one evening as theſe four
Did walk by thilke ſame river's winding ſide,
From whence Sir *Guyon* launch'd, which there did pour
His bounteous ſtream watering the country wide,
The *Prince* the coaſt which them oppoſed ſpied,
Woods and fair hills in beautiful array,
And lawns which now the ſetting Phœbus eyed,
Beaming the laſt remains of golden day,
He ſaw, and aſk'd what land that was which yonder lay.

VII.

That is the land, the gentleſt *Alma* ſaid,
In which *Apollo* and the *Muſes* dwell,
On which their bleſſings with great bountihed
They caſt abroad: there by the living well
Of *Hippocrene* they fix their happy ſell;
There wonne at diſtaunce from the profane world,
With whoſe affairs they never mind to mell,
Als *Jovisaunce* is there with face unfurl'd,
And care, and grief, and carking pain far off are hurl'd.

VIII. And

VIII.

And thouſand dainty ſhapes inhabit there,
And unimagin'd forms by common mind,
To every ſingle one of which, a peer
In other place on earth may no man find,
Of pureſt nature, and æthereal kind,
By the three *Graces* ſeemingly bedight;
For in that realm their girdes the *Graces* bind,
And *Liberty* ay ſporteth in their ſight,
And there the *Virtues* ſtray yrob'd in ſtoles of white.

IX.

How may, ſaid then the *Prince*, a ſtraunger gain
Thilke place which thou deſcriven haſt to ſee?
Perdy moſt rarely brave is that domain:
(Ne ſpeak I out of vaunting ſurquedry
And lofty vain conceit,) yet is in me
A heart in which good nurture fix'd the thew
And love of ſeemly liberality;
Not as a faytour falſe, or ſpy, I ſue
Theſe Bonnibels, and fair depeinten Imps to view.

X. To

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X.

To me, O Briton Prince, she said, is given
(*Alma* then smil'd, and smil'd those other twain),
Free enteraunce into that earthly heav'n,
By young Apollo's self, who there doth reign;
Als he to me hath ordered to restrain,
And keepen back by force the rascal rout
Of noisy *Riotise* his drunken train,
But never the ingenuous mind to flout,
Ne wight of fair demeanour ever shutten out.

XI.

But now is well nigh time hence to be gone,
And, supper ended, take ourselves to rest;
Now wakeful man wends by himself alone;
For bird and beast by *Somnus* are ybleft;
All but the beast of prey, which is addreft
To cruel slaughter on the helpless crew,
And Philomela, who with woe impreft
Her dolorous fate wails in sad measure due,
But softer than descent of night's fair-falling dew.

XII.

Early the morn we will forth yede yfere,
And in a gondelay to yonder ſhore,
Acroſs the intervening ferry ſteer,
There on the many delices to pore,
Of which 'twere tedious to recount the ſtore;
Thanks render'd tho the Prince in manner'd wiſe,
For he was ſkill'd in every courtly lore,
That night did ſleep ſcant cloſe his wakeful eyes,
And in the morn he roſe with the bright ſun's upriſe.

XIII.

Alma prepared he already found,
For never ſhe indulg'd in ſlothful bed,
But when the lark ſoar'd upward from the ground,
She ay wou'd bid adieu to drowſihed;
Tho forth they iſſued from that goodly ſted,
And in due ſeaſon to the ferry came,
Faſt by its brink the gondelay moored
They ſee, and eke the wight who ſteer'd the ſame,
Of moſt well-looked mien, *Good-Culture* was his name.

XIV. The

XIV.

The *Knight* and *Lady* he with joy on board
Did take, then puſhed with ſtrong arm away,
And launch'd the veſſel far into the ford:
Tho he his painted canvas did diſplay,
While kind gales in its ſwelling boſom play,
With ſpeed they cut the ſtream as chryſtal clear,
Or as the bright-eyed Titan's piercing ray,
For not the ſmalleſt ſtain or ſpot was there;
But tho the waves were deep, the bottom did appear.

XV.

When as they did that ſhore approachen near,
Girt with the ceſtus of eternal ſpring,
Its ever virid banks; th' ambroſial air
Odours moſt exquiſitely ſweet did bring;
For *Zephyrus* there ever fann'd his wing,
And there did *Flora* plentifully ſtrew
The ground with flowers which fragrance round them fling.
Sweet-ſcented flowers of every various hue,
That whilom in *Adonis'* happy gardens grew.

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XVI.

Now bin they landed in that pleaſaunt plaſe,
And now along the lilied ſhore proceed,
Far as their eyne the wide-ſtretch'd coaſt can trace,
The blithſome ſcenery they in ſilence read;
The *Prince* in wonder loſt gave fixed heed
At every turn, at every turn amaze
Sat on his cheek; delightſome awe and dreed;
Well might that proſpect frailer wight have daz'd;
He gaz'd, and thought that there he could for ay have gaz'd.

XVII.

His fair Conductreſs bade him caſt his eyes,
To waken him from out his rapturous traunce,
To where before the path they took, croſs-wiſe,
Over a velvet meadow, did advaunce
Two beings of moſt pleaſing ameaunce;
Upon their foreheads gayety did ſit,
Their joyous girlonds in the wind did daunce,
Their cheeks were blooming red, their feet were flit,
And treading the ſoft turf did leave no print on it.

XVIII. The

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XVIII.

The one y-clep'd was *Youth*, the down began
His features to aguiſe with decent pride,
Ne mought he older wax, ne grow to man;
Yet was that other giv'n him for his bride:
Of whom he got a ſon, who by his ſide
Renning in merry mood for ay did ſmile;
Hygeia did his ſpouſe the name betide,
With her he took no note of time, the while
It paſſed by, ſo well each hour ſhe could beguile.

XIX.

That tender Imp he guided by the hand,
With face ſpeaking his heart ſo airy light,
He hath benempt *Content*, tho he be ſcann'd
A boy, great power dwelleth with that wight;
For whomſoe'er he looketh on, his ſpright
Is with complacence fill'd, and jocund glee,
An infant babe, *Simplicity* behight,
The mother bore, of lovely hue to ſee,
Stretching his little arms, and telling his tale free.

XX. Them

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XX.

Then *Alma* gracefully y-bording, ſaid,
Tell me, ye gentle pair, if ye have ſeen
Where widely your enchaunted feet have ſtray'd
Emong the mazes of this flowery green,
Where *Fancy* wonneth now? for well I ween
She hath no certain biding-place of reſt;
But now the ſhade ſhe ſeeketh, now the ſheen,
Now flitteth north, now ſouth, now eaſt, now weſt,
All pleaſure ſhe doth love, variety the beſt.

XXI.

To her with count'nance blithe did *Youth* reply,
(The words from his quick tongue y-dropping faſt,)
If *Fancy* you do ſeek, fair dame, perdy,
In yonder glen with high rocks over-caſt,
From whence a tumbling torrent forth hath braſt,
I ſaw her even now: ſo louting low,
He with his bellamour away did haſte;
Right onward *Alma*, and the Prince did go:
Then why ſhe *Fancy* ſought he fain of her would know.

XXII. Without

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XXII.

Without her aid, O *Prince*, ſaid *Alma* fair,
To travel thro this coaſt were endleſs ſtower;
Ne without her direction would I dare
Convoy thee as behoves a ſingle hour:
Beſides ſhe builded hath a wond'rous tow'r,
Which hence thou ſeeſt high in the air y-pight,
From whence is view'd diſtinctly dell and bower,
And rock, and ſtream, and every living wight,
And every goodly thing with which theſe realms are dight.

XXIII.

Unto the which if thee ſhe will convey,
In portion ſmall of time, ſhe can unfold
What elſe would take up many a weary day,
And many a ſleepleſs night for to behold;
Ne ever ſo at laſt you proſper would:
But after muchell labour and ſojourn,
Some foreſt dark your wilder'd feet would hold,
Or ye would ſink croſſing ſome roaring b ourn,
Or to the whence ye came ye idly would return.

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XXIV.

Soon mought they now behold that *Maid divine*;
Upon a craggy cliff ſhe took her ſtand,
Above her head ſpread a broad branching pine,
Which ſent a dark ſhade round; on either hand,
Down many a thouſand yarde of riſing land,
From rock to rock a ſtrong ſtream forc'd its way,
Which there was blent in one accoiled band;
She joyant ſtood over the foaming bay,
And bath'd her forehead in the floating dewy ſpray.

XXV.

When as the tread of ſtranger feet ſhe heard,
Eftſoons her eyes ſhe thitherwards enhaunc'd,
Which as the glitterand ſun-beam bright appear'd,
And quicker than the quivering levin glaunc'd,
And ſtrait toward them with light ſtep advaunc'd;
Her golden-tendrill'd locks down from her head
Hung loofely, wav'ring as to them bechaunc'd,
She never them confin'd in tye or brede,
But they moſt comely ſeem'd, whan moſt diſhevelled.

XXVI. In

XXVI.

In thin habiliment she was bedight,
Of cunningly inwoven gos'mer twin'd,
Most curious was that garment to the sight,
And on the lap of the soft dalliaunt wind,
Which it sustain'd, disported far behind;
Its colour was of every various dye,
Which in the glorious bow of heaven we find,
And every intermingled shade, the eye
Could ever ken, was there, in vast complexity.

XXVII.

In that retired vale oftimes she sate,
Where *Nature* strayed wild, by *Art* not found;
But not therein immewed was her state,
Nor yet y-pent in any fixed bound.
Free and at large she raung'd creation round,
Or, breaking thro the brazen gyre, would steer
Her flight, with cheek not blanch'd, nor heart astound,
The din of *Chaos* and *Confusion* hear.
Ne all the ever-bickering elements would fear.

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XXVIII.

There if ſhe will'd, new worldes of her own
She would create, and them impeople too,
And in the midſt upbuild her ſplendent throne,
Exacting from her ſubjects homage due:
Tho in a moment's ſpace theſe worldes new,
And each thing in them would annihilate,
Her pregnant will ſhe ever would purſue,
For ſhe alone, moſt wond'rous to relate,
Except high-reigning *God*, was uncontroul'd by fate.

XXIX.

Oft to the heav'n of heav'ns ſhe would aſcend,
And thro th' impenetrable blaze would try
Boldly her peering viſion to extend,
And into the myſterious Godhead pry,
Where far above the ſtar-y-flaming ſky,
His ſeat is circled deep with glory bright,
" In his trinal triplicity* on high,"
But never could ſhe paſs that luſtrous light,
High-reigning *God* alone eſcap'd her thrillant ſight.

* " Trinal triplicity" alludes to the three times three, i. e. nine, orders of Angels, which were ſuppoſed to ſtand before the throne of God, forever praiſing and magnifying him.

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XXX.

Yet ſich her ſway that ſhe to earth could bring,
From their eternal ſteds, *Angelic Quires*,
Who round about her gently hovering,
Tun'd at her will their golden-ſtringed lyres;
Or maugre dernful *Pluto*'s griſly fires,
Would cleave the earth and rowſe to upper air
The *Furies* with their whips of iron wires,
And ſnakes loud hiſſing in their troubled hair,
And *Hecate* at her call would her dread front uprear.

XXXI.

With them all ills would riſe that ſhun the light,
Stern-look'd *Revenge*, *Hate* by wild frenzy torn,
And each abhorred child of ugly *Night*,
Luſt ever reſtleſs, *Jealouſy* o'erworn,
Mean *Murder*, of each generous mind the ſcorn,
And pining *Care*, which in her ſickly plume
Inſhrouds while yet alive the wretch forlorn,
And *Woe*, whoſe heart by inches does conſume,
Hanging with face all pale o'er her dead lovers tomb.

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XXXII.

And she would call th' unbodied *Ghosts* around
With shrieking note utt'ring their dolorous wail,
And *Witchcraft* mumbling forth her rites profound,
Might make the stoutest living wight to quail,
And conscious *Fear*, who secretly doth steal,
Keeping close watch beside the murderer's bed,
And when *Sleep* gins his tired lids to veil,
And wrap the poppied pursle o'er his head,
Rings her alarum wild, and rends his soul with dread.

XXXIII.

Yet nothing was there fearful in her face,
Or terrible to the beholders view,
But in her was an amiable grace,
A lovely, and a modest blushing hue,
Which mingled with respect love's passion drew,
And winning smiles her features freed from scorn,
And ye might read her straying veins quite through
Her alabaster skin, and so adorn,
She looked like the eldest daughter of the *Morn*.

XXXIV. Now

XXXIV.

Now ſhe the gentleſt *Alma* firſt addreſt:
Welcome, fair virgin, to theſe bliſsful bowers,
(Then tenderly did claſp her to her breaſt,)
And hail to thee, *Sir Knight*, can aught the pow'rs
Who here inherit, aught the winged *Hours*,
The *Graces*, and the *Virtues* thee to pleaſe?
For thee to pleaſe, belov'd of heaven, no flow'rs
They would refuſe, *Apollo*'s ſelf would ſeize
Th' occaſion, and myſelf thy ſervant am always.

XXXV.

O paſſing fair, *Alma* to her replied;
This gentle *Knight*, (the *Knight* full low did bend,)
No Impe of *Riotiſe*, or boaſtful *Pride*,
I to thy favour ſtrenuouſly commend,
My ſtrong deliverer, and ſtedfaſt friend,
O bear him to thy tow'r y-pight on high,
Or with him through theſe dainty regions wend,
That he the deft inhabitants may ſpy,
And feed with wonderment his knowledge-ſearching eye.

XXXVI. She

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XXXVI.

She anſwer'd not: but with moſt ſweet aſpect,
Taking the Prince and Lady by the honde,
Eftſoons ſhe did them from the ground erect,
And thro the air, ſwift as the Levin-Bronde,
Or if than it can ſwifter thing be conn'd,
Darted upright: ne did ſhe ſtop, ne ſtay,
Till on her lofty eſpial they did ſtonde,
Whence they the girding heavens might ſurvey,
And earth, and ocean wide, which low unneath them lay.

XXXVII.

It was a noble work for to behold,
For neither was it built of ſtone ne lime,
Ne was there ir'n, ne braſs, ne lead, ne gold,
Ne *Roman* cement, ne *Aſphaltile* ſlime,
To bind the parts, and knit withouten rime;
But it was all one piece of lucent glaſs,
And edifyed by her in ſhorteſt time,
Yet though both thin, and ſeeming frail it was,
No work on earth could it in laſtingneſs ſurpaſs.

XXXVIII. With

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XXXVIII.

With rare imagin'd portraicts it was ſtrow'd,
Landſcapes and hiſtories by her deſign'd,
For *what* ſhe ſaw, when raunging far abroad
She took her flight, and left thilke tow'r behind,
That, from the ſtore-houſe of her heedful mind,
She would diſplay before a painter fair,
Who every form with ſkilful hand defin'd,
And fetiſely bedight with colours rare,
Deſcription was her name, a virgin debonair.

XXXIX.

Her pencil was moſt delicately fine,
And light and ſtrong the ſketches which it drew,
And beautifully did her colours ſhine,
For the clouds chequer'd tints ſhe in them threw,
And the firſt drops of pearly morning dew;
Aurora's bluſh too when ſhe firſt did wake,
From *Venus*' ſmiles, from *Cynthia*'s ſilver hue,
From *Flora*'s mantle, from the green-ſea lake,
And all Dame *Nature*'s works ſhe did her colours take.

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XL.

A reverend *Eld* the palette there did hold,
And every colour ſet in proper place,
His pierſent eye his perfect ſenſes told,
The wrinkles did become his auntient face,
And eke his hoary beard hung down with grace;
Judgement he hight: his precept ſhe obey'd,
For he could teach her every ſtroke to trace;
Full many a time her youthful hand he ſtay'd,
When wantonly, or when thro' careleſſneſs it ſtray'd.

XLI.

The *Briton Prince*, with curious regard,
The labours of theſe buſied twain did ſee,
Till *Fancy*, calling him away, debarr'd
His eyne intent on that imagery:
Forthwith to her his ſtep he haſted free:
Tho he and *Alma* ſeated by her ſide
On a high battlement's extremity,
She wav'd her hand; then bid them throwen wide
Their looks toward the right, and ſee the country's pride.

XLII. They

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XLII.

They looked, and beheld a country rare,
The laughing meadows were with flow'rs beſpread,
The roſe their ſhining Queen, the lily fair,
The cowſlip drooping down his fainting head,
The pink, and tulip gay embroidered,
Daiſies and violets, and all the crew,
Which ſweet impunging ſmells odorous bred,
Or *Nature* with bright ſtaines did imbrue,
There 'ſdaining touch of *Art* uncultivated grew.

XLIII.

And here and there did murm'ring rivers ſtray,
Flowing entrailed in meanders clear,
Now all ſo ſmoothly making gentle way,
With dimpling ſurface, that though placed near
The ſwain their progreſs onward ne mought hear:
Now broke by moſſy ſtones, did hoarſly brawl,
And priſoner took the willing thralled ear,
Or bounding o'er a ragged rocky wall,
From rift to rift in many a caſcade did fall.

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XLIV.

And up and down were many tufty groves
Lifting their heads in glory flourifhing,
Around whofe trunks the honeyfuckle roves,
And fcented jeffamine is wandering,
And purple grapes hung thickly clufiering,
And thoufand thoufand feather'd fongfters lay
Concealed, and melodioufly did fing,
While every bough and every treeen fpray,
Wav'd their conienting leaves, and gladlier feem'd to play.

XLV.

And on the flowery meads and plains they fpy,
Fair flocks of fheep nibbling the tender green,
Or ruminating as adown they lye,
Or wanton fporting in the funny fheen;
And where or rock or rifing hill is feen,
The friſking goats their antick gambols made,
And jolly keepers, both did keep from teen,
Who in the open fun, or fecret fhade,
Tuning uneven pipes their amorous defcants play'd.

XLVI. Soon

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XLVI.

Soon did they ſee, where from a grove iſſued,
The goat-foot *Pan* playing a merry fit;
Pleaſaunt it was, but rather ruſtic rude.
Him follow'd dancing trimly to that dit,
A croud of *Fawns* and *Satyrs*, who with flit
And active giambeaux beat the hollow ground:
While with them hand in hand their partners knit,
The looſely-robed *Dryades* rebound,
Their hair with oaken wreaths, and palm and ivy crown'd.

XLVII.

They paſſed on, and next, moſt pleaſing ſight,
The *God of Love*, borne on a gentle lamb;
Not he who armed dire by ſavage *Spite*,
And taught thoſe curſed arts, which ſure I am
Have with diſgraces ſhent his cruel *Dam*,
And als himſelf; and crouds of wretches ſlain,
With whoſe ſad careaſes the grave to cram,
And crouds of wretches who alive remain,
Have mur'd up with *Deſpair*, and ever-gnarring *Pain*.

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XLVIII.

This *Winged Boy* a gentle mind did bear,
As gentle as the beaſt which him up-bore,
Ne could he ſee th' unhappy drop a tear,
But it would make his breaſt with pity ſore,
And he himſelf would weep and grieve therefore.
He was not blind; and from his looks did fly
The horrid face of *Luſt*, emboſs'd with gore,
And groveling mean *Deceit*, and *Calumny*,
And by his ſide did wonne the maid *Sincerity*.

XLIX.

Before her breaſt ſhe bore a chryſtal vaſe,
In which her inmoſt thoughts were all pourtray'd,
That ye each hidden ſentiment mought trace;
With this ſhe oft hath *Villainy* warray'd,
And made him ſtooping hide his felon head;
Guarded with this ſhe fears no ſecret harms,
But walks ſecure as tho ſhe were array'd
In ſtrong defence, by force of magick charms,
Or girded firm with coat of mail and ſcaled arms.

L. On

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L.

On t'other ſide, holding a roſy band,
With which that lamb ſhe guided in the way,
Or when his rider liſt him ſtill to ſtand,
Did ſoftly check his pace and mildly ſway,
Wended fair *Innocence*; her to ſurvey
The angels would from heav'n on balmy wing
Gliding, in mortal air their limbs embay:
In t'other hand a ſerpent with fell ſting
She held, which lick'd her face, ne any ſcathe did bring.

LI.

The next a nymph her countenaunce diſplay'd,
Blithe was her look, unequal was her air,
Her lineaments mought no one ever read,
Ne yet the colour of her garb declare,
Both of them every moment chaunging were:
That fickle nymph, had *Novelty* to name,
Of *Admiration* ſhe the loved feare,
Her frequent chaunge did his light heart inflame,
And looking on her greedily he onward came.

LII. Behind

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LII.

Behind them one twiſting with all his might,
A ſkein of ſilk, which in his hand he bore,
Yet tho he alway ſtrained it full tight,
No ſingle thread would yield, or break therefore,
A ſwain who *Friendſhip* higbt in human lore.
And by his ſide another goodly ſwain,
Call'd *Sans-Self-love*, of mind moſt firm and ſure;
For he, that other to ſecure from pain,
Would naked ruſh on ſpears, or plunge into the main.

LIII.

And now advanc'd the wight whom firſt they met,
And with her babe that ſpouſe ſo fair to ſee,
To him full firmly bound in wedlock's net,
And eke that other pledge of mutual gree;
And cloſe behind was virgin *Chaſtity*,
Bearing in her cold hands a lump of ſnow,
Which though the warm weſt winds around her flee,
Received no impuritie or flaw,
Ne ever loſt its white, ne ever would it thaw.

LIV. Long

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LIV.

Long time ſhe had betrothed him I ween,
Unto a comely youth of mickle praiſe,
Fidelity, full ſteady was his mien,
His eyes on her engrafted were alwayes,
Yet ſich their look they ne mought her diſpleaſe,
This hand a golden ſun-flower did ſuſtain,
Still turning to the ſun her conſtant rays,
That a cameleon in a diamond chain,
Which him in's native hue for ever did reſtrain.

LV.

And many more whom time to tell would fail,
The *Prince* and *Alma* from their airy height,
Might ſee with thilke ſame bevy fair to ſail:
There paſſed by the ſiſter *Graces* bright,
And *Liberty* unveil'd her peerleſs light,
Benevolence and *Gratitude* y-fere,
Beauty all over lovely to the ſight,
There heart-felt *Eaſe*, and *Leiſure* ever dear,
And happy *Indolence* and *Peace* brought up the rear.

LVI. Then

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LVI.

Then *Fancy* wav'd her hand: but oh how ſtrange
What at that potent motion enſued!
Alack a day, how ſudden was the change!
Black was the ſky, the bluſt'ring wind blew rude;
Inſtead of company was ſolitude,
Inſtead of gladſome ſights a doleful glade,
In which no chearful viſion might intrude,
For luckleſs Plaint as it beſeemed made;
Ah woe is me, ſo ſoon all human glories fade!

LVII.

Forth came an hundred *Nymphs* with ſolemn tread,
And flaming tedes in hand, and then a *Queen*,
As ſeemed by the crown upon her head,
Of beaten gold, and her right royal mien;
Her eyes with aweful dignity gave ſheen,
Her crimſon veſtment flow'd in ſtately pride,
Which likeſt Scythian *Tomyris* was ſeen,
When ſtain'd with Perſian blood ſhe *Cyrus*-eyed,
Or bold *Bonduca* when in Roman ſlaughter died.

LVIII. Her

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LVIII.

Her left hand held a bowl with poiſon fraught,
Which working quick diſpatch was ſure to kill;
Her right, a dreadful dagger ſharply wrought,
Which to the wight who lift his blood to ſpill,
She gave, and bade him execute his will;
Or if the bowl he choſe to end his days,
She ſtoop'd it down, and told him drink his fill;
Impurpled buſkins on her legs ſhe wore,
Which, with a golden claſp y-claſped were before.

LIX.

Behind her was a wretch with garments rent,
Hollow his cheeks, and pale his dreary face;
He mov'd as tho with weakneſs all forefpent,
Yet not uncomely was his weary pace,
And his eyes gleamed with a languid grace;
Misfortune hight, him in a brazen chain
Adverſity moſt cruelly did brace,
And tho he ſeemed faint, and well nigh ſlain,
She nould him ever ſpare, but dragg'd him on amain.

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LX.

And ever and anon, her arm on high
She would uplift, which with an iron whip
Adaw'd, and ſcowl on him with threat'ning eye;
And oftimes would his cloaths with fury ſtrip,
And to the bones the ſkin therewith would rip,
That he poor man would miſerably groan;
Yet not an evil word would he let ſlip:
His virtue ſhe not heeded, nor his moan;
Her heart hand long y-go tranſmewed bin to ſtone.

LXI.

Behind him came, with ſweet aſpect and bland,
The faireſt and the loveliest maid I ween,
That ever yet on earthly mold did ſtand,
Or ever was by mortal eyeſight ſeen;
When as ſhe view'd that miſer's doleful teen,
O God, how did ſhe lift the heavy ſigh!
What would ſhe give he mought relieved been!
For him ſhe could almoſt with pity die,
So feeling was the ſoul of tender *Sympathy*.

LXII. Her

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LXII.

Her beauty ſhew'd more lovely for the tears
Which all beſprinkled had her face moſt meek,
As for that wight beſet with cruel fears.
In vain they ren down o'er her heav'nly cheek:
And bluſhing *Pudency* ſat mantling there,
Darting her beams the pearled moiſture through,
So ſeemingly enſhrin'd, as does appear
Through a thin cloud *Aurora* to the view,
Or a ſweet roſy bud thro the clear ambient dew.

LXIII.

Two little *Cherubs* did afore her fly;
One in his hand a golden cenſer bare,
Which underneath her face he did apply,
And therein latched every precious tear;
Which fill'd, he gave up to the other's care:
Who to the throne of all o'er-ſwaying *Jove*,
Plying his purple plumes, aloft did ſteer;
He thilke ſame offering receiv'd with love,
And ſhook with gracious ſign his nectar'd locks above.

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LXIV.

Next came *Remorſe*: his haggard eyes down bent,
In ghaſtly ſilence glar'd upon the ground;
But ſoon inflected, inwardly were ſent,
As if to perſe into his breaſt profound:
There, as tho tenting to the quick a wound,
Would wring his hands in agony of pain,
Or wildly toſs them in the air around;
Ah! foredone wight, thou but turmoilſt in vain!
The ſore full deep hath fret, and ever ſhall remain.

LXV.

Now *Indignation*, with his eyen on fire,
Welding a glitterand faulchion o'er his head,
His red cheeks bluſhing with becoming ire,
His ſtern brow frowning with a comely dread,
For, ay he was by *Reaſon* maiſtered;
He with that faulchion fain would do to die
A ſnaky monſter, foul, ill-favoured,
Guilt, who diſtraught with fear away did fly,
Nor tho at diſtaunce got, dar'd turn her craven eye.

LXVI. Next

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LXVI.

Next *Horrour*: harrows in his hand he bore,
With which he felly harrowed up the ſoul,
And all her finer ſenſes rent and tore,
So that his ravin ſhe might not controul,
But he there reigned King and Kaiſar ſole.
And *Hopeleſs Love*, a ſhaft quite thro her heart
Had paſs'd, the wound ſhe wrapped in her ſtole,
Still ſtruggling to conceal her deadly ſmart,
And like a ſtricken deer pined away apart.

LXVII.

And many more attendant on that Queen,
Their reſidence in thilke dark glade did keep:
There wonn'd *Suſpect*, her face all ſickly green;
Exceſs of Grief, from whom no tears could creep;
Vengeance, who both his hands in blood did ſteep;
Envy, to her own mind the keſtrel ſlave;
Diſſemblaunce, who like crocodile could weep;
Madneſs, as wild as the enchaufſed wave;
And *Melancholy*, ſilent as the midnight grave.

LXVIII. There

LXVIII.

There too was *Brave Diſdain of deed that's baſe*;
And there of tried ſpirit, *Conſcious Pride*;
And *Emulation*, which no ſecond place
Would graunt; and *Mercy*, to the gods allied;
And *Stoic Rigour*, which all vice defied;
And *Seemly Zeal*, by *True Religion* dreſt;
And *Wedded Love*, which death cannot divide;
And *Juſtice*, well-ſpring pure of public reſt;
And *Filial Piety*, with Heav'n's firſt promiſe bleſt.

LXIX.

All that mought rowſe the ſoul of man was there,
All that to goodneſs mought his boſom ſway,
And reſcue him from Vice's per'lous meir;
For *Virtue* marſhall'd all in juſt array:
That *Queen* herſelf does her beheſts obey;
To her from firſt her origin ſhe owes,
Ne without her could reign a ſingle day;
By her ſhe order from confuſion draws,
And all that diverſe *Croud* acts as ſhe gives them laws.

LXX. And

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LXX.

And now at *Fancy*'s bid, gan diſappear
The darkſome drerineſs which erſt had blent
The ſun of heav'n, and hid his beamez clear;
And with it all that forſeen *Many* went,
While he his chearing rays more clear outſent.
And now a public road before them lay,
It ſeemed as there was ſome city near,
For many a goodly troop paſs'd by that way,
Some rode, ſome laughing walk'd, ſome ſung, and ſome did play.

LXXI.

Cloſe by the road an *Archer* took his ſtand,
His lowering brow announced vengeful ire,
Two female forms were ſeen on either hand,
Who him reſtrain'd within a certain gyre,
With ſober counſel ſmothering his fire,
Candour and *Truth*, but he was *Satire* hight;
They taught him againſt whom he war ſhould ſtire;
And when they pointed out the deſtin'd wight,
He drew his bow, and him imperſt with arrow bright.

LXXII. Thoſe

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LXXII.

Thoſe whom he ſo amerc'd with rigorous wound,
By an old beldam had been bred a peſt,
Y-cleped *Vice*, ſome in diſguiſes found,
Others more openly that road t' infeſt,
And unſuſpecting paſſengers moleſt:
But now did halt with limping pace along,
While *Infamy* ſat grinning on their creſt,
They joined not in daunce or jovial ſong,
But ſhun'd, and hated, ſkulk'd at diſtaunce from the throng.

LXXIII.

Nathleſs when as his two companions caſt
Their eyne aſide, he would, with motion ſly,
A ſhaft from forth his quiver ſnatch in haſte,
And with inſatiable cruelty,
At travellers of goodly grace let fly;
Which rueful ſcathe when as the *Virgins* ſcann'd,
To their aſſiſtance renning haſtily,
They pour'd in oil and balm with healing hand,
But him with threats affray'd and bitter reprimand.

LXXIV. Onward

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LXXIV.

Onward a little ſpace there wonn'd a *Dame*,
Behind a vizor ſhe aguis'd her face,
Socks on her feet ſhe had as her became,
And her looſe garb fell down with eaſy grace.
Always attending conſtant on her pace
A ſelcouth hag, a flaming brond who bore,
Her name was *Secret Knowledge of Diſgrace*;
A dwarf, hight *Ridicule*, was plac'd before,
Who a large burniſh'd mirrour ſtead of target wore.

LXXV.

Into thilke mirrour, led by *Vanity*
And *Folly* vain, their femblaunces to view,
Moſt of the ſilly croud who paſſed by,
With idle mirth and wantonneſs nigh drew;
But ſo deformed did they therein ſhew,
They nould confeſs themſelves to be the ſame,
Until that *Hag* ſprong from her hidden mew,
Who daſht into their cheeks her brond of flame,
And they retreated thence all covered with ſhame.

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LXXVI.

But, oh! what tongue what language may ſuffice,
With ample ſpirit fitly to expreſs
The ſcenes, that Potent Queen now bid ariſe!
My ſimple numbers cannot aptly dreſs
In meet array, ne yet their glory gueſs,
When ſhe the Briton Prince, and eke his guide,
With liberal kindneſs bounteouſly to bleſs,
Unfolded to their ſight (ne yet envied)
The regions where the lofty *Epic* doth reſide.

LXXVII.

As though by pow'r paſt human from his bed,
In nightly ſleep a wight ſhould ſnatched be,
And croſs the ſounding ſeas be hurried,
Then waking in the morn, with wonder ſee
Himſelf in an unknown and ſtrange country,
Afore, the *Amazons* huge ſloud late-found,
Beyond, an open realm, upriſing free,
By the vaſt towering *Cordilleras* bound,
And on the other ſide th' *Atlantic* waſte profound.

LXXVIII. So

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LXXVIII.

So in amaze the Briton Prince was loſt;
For now down deep-ſunk vallies rough and ſteep,
Huge rapid ſtreams rolling his viſion croſs'd;
Now without meir an ocean wide and deep,
On which the lingering winds did ſeem to ſleep;
But ſoon with angry mood a whirlwind blew,
No longer mought it now its calmneſs keep,
But all with foamy wrath enraged grew,
And from the fould'ring clouds the levin gaunt out-flew.

LXXIX.

Now on the champion ground, he might behold
Caſtles which ſeated were in pleaſaunt ſite,
And ſingle *Knights* armed in gliſt'ring gold,
With *Ladies* by their ſides of beauty bright,
To whom they told fair tales of love's delight;
Or elſe for their protection combating,
With monſters fell courageouſly did fight;
Or in round liſts each other conquering,
To them the trophies of their victory did bring.

LXXX.

Now heard he braying trumpets numberleſs,
(The martial blaſt did his bold boſom thrill,)
Eftſoons two large enraunged *armies* preſs
The plain; they ſhout, they join, they fight, they kill,
And the engorged earth with carnage fill;
Tho ſaw he where the mountains roſe on high,
Striding from rock to rock, from hill to hill,
A giant form, whoſe head arraught the ſky,
Emong the ſtars empight, his name *Sublimity*.

LXXXI.

Thoſe doen away, a cloud of blazing ſheen,
Floating upon a forked hill, appear'd,
The brightneſs well nigh blent his feeble eyen,
And from behind ſich muſic was there heard,
He thought himſelf to heaven's height uprear'd,
And the great weight of pleaſure ſcarce could bear;
Ne wonder was't that he ſich rapture char'd,
Whan *Jove* himſelf would often ſtoop his ear,
From high *Olympus'* top, thilke harmony to hear.

LXXXII. Where

LXXXII.

Where the thin edges of that cloud did reach,
He might as 'twere part of a temple ſee;
But though he ſtrain'd his eyes to th' utmoſt ſtretch,
They nould its ſhape diſtinguiſh perfectly;
Yet it moſt gorgeous ſeemed for to be.
But thro the middle of that cloud ſo bright,
From whence iſſued the dulcet melody,
He could by no means caſt at all his ſight;
The oftener he look'd, the ſtronger blaz'd the light.

LXXXIII.

And now ſaid ſhe, O Prince, what to thy view
I might diſcloſe, thine eyes have briefly ſeen,
So much was to thy fair conductreſs due:
To perſe that dazling cloud thou ſee'ſt I ween,
Thou muſt all over have beſprinkled been,
When thou wert born with dews of *Caſtaly*,
And thrice three times been dipp'd in *Hippocrene*,
There on his throne *Apollo* now I ſee,
And there the *Muſes* ſit each in their juſt degree.

LXXXIV. Yet

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LXXXIV.

Yet even theſe thou ſhalt behold in time,
But firſt thou many hardy fights muſt wage,
And travel over many various clime,
And with thy country's deadly foes engage,
And curb the *Saxons* haught with ſtrong menage.
Tho they themſelves ſhall take thee by the hand,
And to that building with ſafe tutelage
Conducted, thou in *Glory's Fane* ſhalt ſtand,
And thy renowned name be read in every land.

LXXXV.

This ſaying, ſhe a privy door unbarr'd,
Which led a winding paſſage to the ground;
For though to climb up to that tow'r was hard,
Down to deſcend was always eaſy found;
When they now touch'd the bottom of the mound,
Many great thanks gave *Alma* to that Dame,
And eke the *Prince*, with humbleſs moſt profound;
She upward ſhot like to an arrowy flame,
They back returned by the way in which they came.

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GLOSSARY.

Amenaunce, *carriage, geſture*
Aguiſe, *cover.*
Als, *alſo.*
Adaw'd, *terrified.*
Amerc'd, *puniſhed, fined.*
Affray'd, *kept in awe.*
Bountihed, *bounteouſnes.*
Bonnibels, *fair dames.*
Benempt, *called.*
Braſt, *burſt.*
Bellamour, *partner in affection*
Bourn, *ſtream.*
Blent, *blended, mingled.*
Bevy, *company.*
Craven, *coward.*
Dan, *a term of honour.*
Demeanour, *behaviour.*
Dell, *vale.*
Dit, *muſic.*
Depeinten, *pourtray'd.*
Dernful, *gloomy.*
Eſpial, *watch-tower.*
Embay, *bathe.*
Eftſoons, *immediately.*
Enhaunce, *lift up.*
Falſe faytor, *deceiver.*
Fetiſely, *beautifully.*
Fit, *tune.*
Feare, *wife.*
Fore-ſpent, *tired out.*
Fould'ring, *thundering.*
Gree, *ſatisfaction.*
Gondelay, *a little bark.*
Goſſamer, *filaments like cob-web.*
Gyre, *circle.*
Griſly, *dreadful.*
Giambeaux, *legs.*
Gnarring, *ſnarling.*
Guerdon, *reward.*
Imps, *children or offspring.*
Joyant, *glad.*
Immew'd, *incloſed.*
Impunging, *piercing.*
Keſtrel, *baſe.*
Leach, *phyſician.*
Louting, *bowing.*
Levin, *lightning.*
Levin brond, *thunderbolt.*
Latched, *catched.*
Mought, *might.*
Miſer, *an unhappy perſon.*
Meir, *any thing that incloſes.*

Mew,

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Mew, *hiding place.*
Menage, *government.*
Mell, *mingle.*
Nould, *would not.*
Perdy, (*french* Par Dieu) *an old oath, or affirmation.*
Purfle, *mantle.*
Pudency, *modesty.*
Stowers, *harms, troubles.*
Surquedry, *pride.*
Sted, *mansion.*
Shent, *ill affected.*
Scath, *harm.*
Sheen, *shine.*
Scowl, *frown.*
Stole, *mantle.*
Stire, *stir.*
Site, *situation.*
Sell, *seat.*
Selcouth, *uncommon, seldom known.*
Thilke, *that.*
Tho, *then.*
Thews, *instructions.*
Teen, *affliction.*
Tedes, *torches,*
Transmewed, *transformed.*
Thrillant, *strongly piercing.*
Wonne, *dwell.*
Wends, *walks.*
Whilom, *formerly.*
Warray'd, *attacked.*
Yede y-fere, *go together.*
Y-bord, *accost.*
Y-pight, *fixed.*
Y-fere, *together.*

FINIS.

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